Labarum

1923

The 1923 LABARUM

A Year Book

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Senior Class

St. Mary's School,

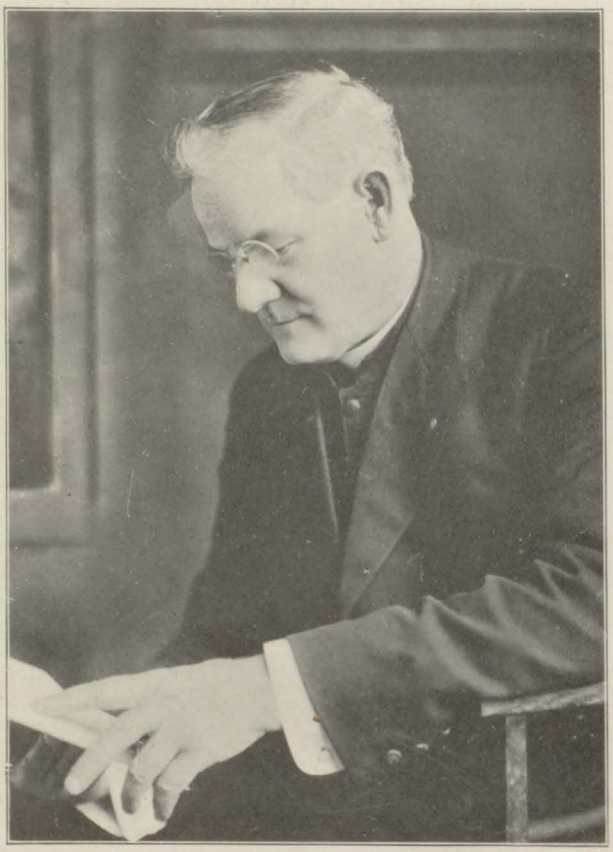
Saginaw, Michigan

VOLUME NINE

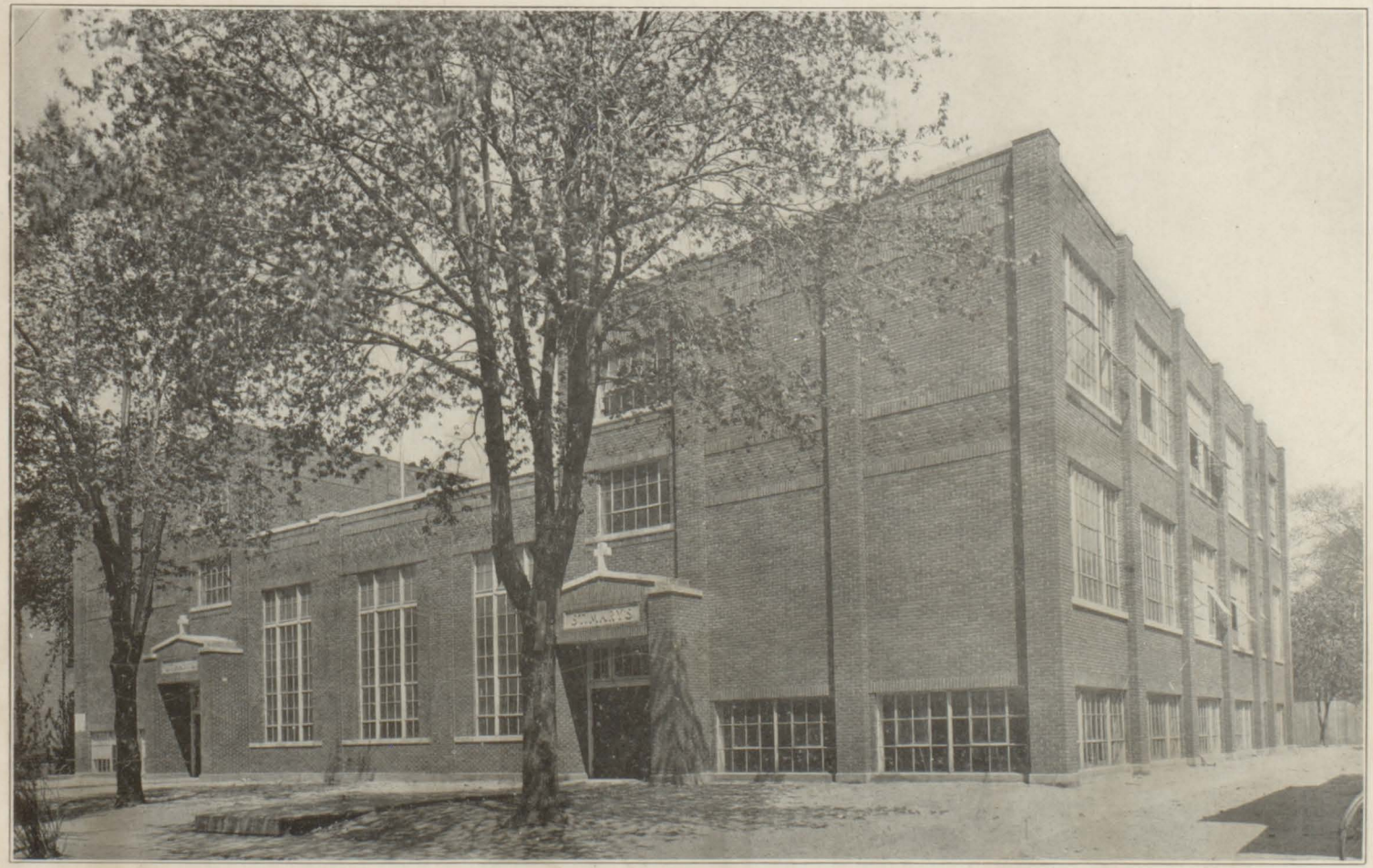
Dedication

To our beloved parents who have bound themselves to us by a new tie of love--the possibilities of a Christian education--we affectionately dedicate this volume.

THE RIGHT REVEREND EDWARD D. KELLY, D. D.
Bishop of Grand Rapids, Michigan



REVEREND EDWARD A. CALDWELL, V. F.
Pastor of St. Mary's



ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

Our Favorite Saint.

By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.

There's a beauty in each saint
We may feel, but cannot paint;
And its own peculiar charm has each one's story;
For in multifarious ways
Through their brief or lengthened days
Have their holy lives shown forth our Father's glory.
To some kindred soul on high
Does our own at times apply
As our special friend in Heaven, our selected go-between.
But when elsewhere hope seems vain,
Then we pray with might and main
To the one who never fails us, of all saints the peerless Queen.

There are Martyrs with their palms,
And Confessors with their psalms,
There are Virgins with a song unlike aught other;
But what are they, after all?
Only satellites full small
That revolve around our Queen, the Virgin-Mother.
Praise and honor to the blest
Who have won eternal rest,
And a hope one day to join them in the glory of their sheen;
But our heart's best love to her
Who, the Blessed all aver,
Was the world's best gift to Heaven, our unrivaled Virgin-Queen!

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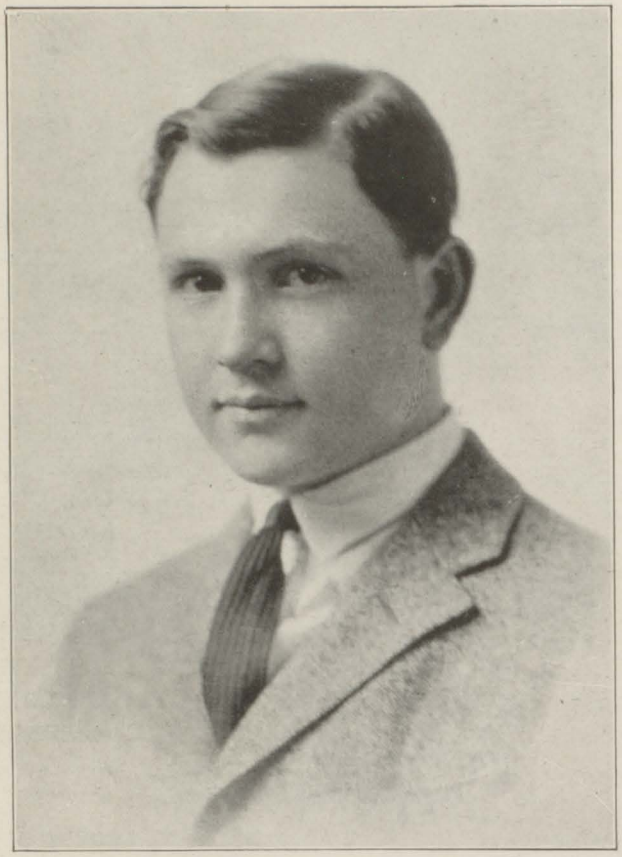


ALPHONSUS N. HOLIHAN

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

CATHERINE A. MARTIN

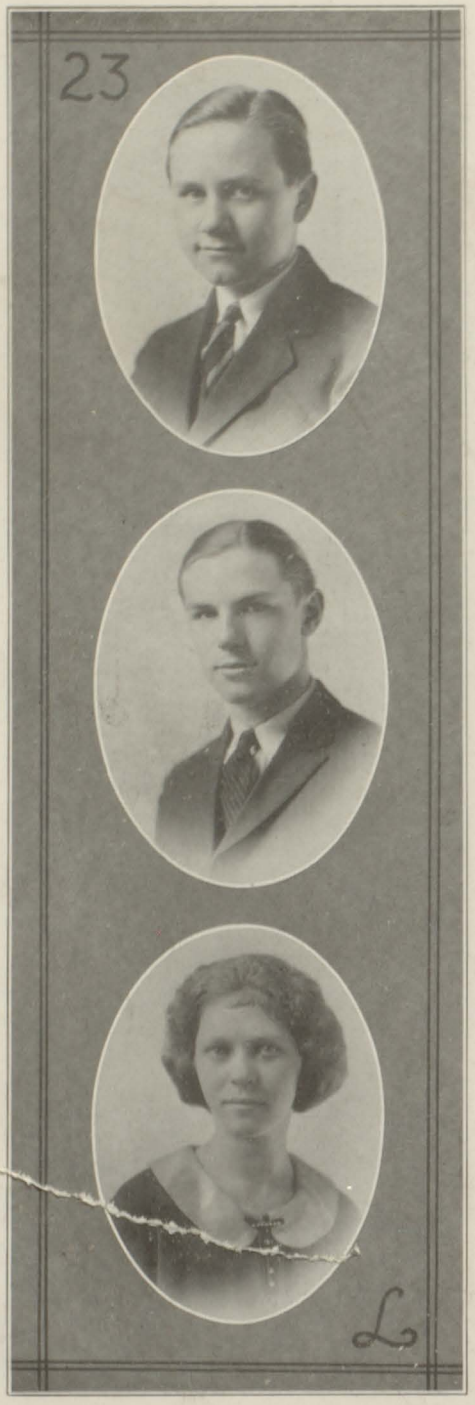
"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear."

LOUIS J. GUENIN

"Why is it thus?
What is the reason of this thusness?"

MABEL A. O'BRIEN

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."



RALPH N. CARPENTER

"Who mixed reason with pleasure,
And wisdom with mirth."

CORNELIUS M. SCHREMS

"As merry as the day is long."

FLORA M. NOVAK

"Gentle comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould."

JAMES J. KEENAN

"With malice towards none; with charity for all."

GRACE B. DWAN

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

FLOYD J. BANKS

"A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience."

DOROTHY A. WOODRUFF

"Begone, dull care!
Thou and I can never agree."

FRANCIS H. COURTNEY

"Gentle of speach; beneficent of mind."

HAZEL C. DAVIS

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

ROSALIE M. SCHREMS

"Speech is the golden harvest that followed her flowering of thought."

ARTHUR F. DE VEAUX

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

MARGARET M. BENDER

"Mark where she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me, whereto can you liken it?"

ALICE M. COURTNEY

"By her life alone, gracious and sweet,
the better way was shown."

HARMON F. REMEY

"There is no wisdom like frankness."

MARION E. GREEN

"Pleasure and action make the hours
seem short."

Can Civilization Carry On?

Few topics have been the subject of more fanciful speculation, and conjecture than the planet Mars and its supposed inhabitants. Astronomers have endeavored, from time to time, to give us scientific descriptions of the conditions there, while fiction writers have fired our imaginations with the thrilling tales of visitors from far off Mars to earth. Taking their cue from these conditions, publicists and statesmen have made use of such information, and of the imaginary "visitor from Mars," to bring home to their audiences the significance of existing conditions as an interested outsider would view them.

Now the question that arises in my mind is, "What would the visitor from Mars see, if he were to come to the earth to-day?" The truth may be distasteful, but it is nevertheless a positive fact that the stranger would find the present day world conditions in absolute chaos. Were he to observe the same conditions closely, however, he would be able to see a breaking of the fog.

Take Russia for example. She needs foreign capital to repair and re-equip factories, but not such vast sums as we habitually discuss. More capital is needed to restore transportation, but that is a government enterprise and nothing but confidence in stability of the government will draw capital to it. China's sole trouble is the misunderstanding of the parties, each claiming to be struggling for the unification of China. It is more nearly a struggle between feudal barons using antiquated methods for getting modern results. The peasantry in India do not wish for a change in government. Only by appeals to religious fanaticism can they be stirred. The push comes from the upper class; in some from ignorance of the real difficulties of governing and the self-sufficiency of the acquired culture, and in others from a wish to exploit all below them. The splitting off of India and Egypt would either mean a gradual shifting back to harder conditions or complete bondage to a new power.

There appears to be an absence of co-operation in all international activities. For instance, what is the atittude of England towards France? She criticizes France for her occupancy of the Ruhr Valley. In an editorial taken from the "London Spectator," England says of France: "France, poisoned, intoxicated by the sense of wrong, and with her mind in a daze by the fears and suspicions which come in their train is, in a word, going to commit the extremity of human folly." The editor of the "London Lookout" asks if M. Poincare, his soldiers, and the "Wild Men" of his chambers and the interests that are behind him, really expect to make Germany pay by seizure of the Ruhr.

The whole economic system of Europe seems to be in a disrupted state. Just as a lady who lost most of her money in a celebrated failure

some twenty years ago said, "It is terrible. What is going to happen to me? I have only sixty thousand francs a year." The nations of Europe, now impoverished by war and revolution, are like that lady. They have formed luxurious habits, and acquired new needs. An income that two hundred years ago would have been considered adequate is no longer sufficient to supply their needs or keep them from starving poverty. A nation must have resources in order to develop, because it has destroyed, behind the veil of an illusion, a great part of the wealth on which civilization is based,—currency, pay money.

Naturally following a decline of this kind in the value and amount of money, there has resulted as a consequence, several changes in the world trade. There are social revolts, which can only be rectified by education; for a liberal education can cure sickness and prevent it from spreading farther. But education has been stinted and diluted until it has lost much of its power for good. Until we educate, labor cannot see the truth of things.

There was a time when murder was looked upon with horror, but like everything else, the old time standards are being destroyed. A person can commit a great crime, such as murder, and for a few sensational hours it causes some excitement; then after a short time it is regarded as a natural, everyday affair, just because it is so common. A big concern never knows when they will have to shut down and discontinue work, because of strikes. Men are continually usurping authority in order to satisfy selfish whims, or because they are poisoned by some leader who is trying to establish Bolshevism all through the world.

Every time Congress passes a new law that will aid the country in its work of civilization, some people are bound to complain about and disregard the law. They look upon it as a restraint. For instance, the Volstead Act—people, who never thought of using liquors, now take desperate chances for the sake of obtaining the vile drink.

Such chaotic conditions are hard to face and the question arises as to whether civilization can withstand such attacks. We answer Yes. Civilization will carry on, but it will be through Religion and faith in God. "Religion is our Nation's strength. It is in the religious convictions alone that we may hope for any permanent solution of the differences between employer and employee."

The medium through which this work may be done is through the leadership of some great nation. America, to my mind, seems to be the only nation capable of assuming such leadership. She is the one nation able to lead and at the same time remain free from the hampering fetters of international hatreds. Is it too much then to hope that America with her sane, sound councils of the world's economic affairs, may yet become the Moses of the Nations? It may be a long, slow process, but if America continues her policy of religious tolerance, she will without doubt be in the forefront of civilization and will indeed be able to "carry on" with real success and progress.

Harmon F. Remey, '23

The Upward Swing.

"Order," says the proverb, "is Heaven's first law." We earthly creatures cannot yet verify this saying through personal observation. but all thoughtful persons can easily infer, by noting the unchanging principles of human life, that system and fixed order are essential in the universal scheme of things.

Nature is constantly giving demonstrations of the workings of her laws. As an example, water seeks its own level; gravitation holds the planets in place, keeping them from coming in contact with earth; our bodies are continually reacting in accordance with certain laws, to the influence of various conditions and circumstances.

In the business world there is a definite cycle through which business passes regularly. This cycle carries commerce, finance and industry, and even the individual himself from one extreme to the other, from prosperity to depression and from depression back to prosperity. Business travels around the cycle at varying rates of speed, depending on the development of conditions. If conditions crystallize slowly the progress of business through the cycle is correspondingly slower. Therefore, the average man will not be conscious of these changes unless he be a close student of conditions.

A change in business conditions is usually more perceptible when they begin to affect persons personally, and this is not during intermediate stages of the cycle, but at one or the other of the extremes. When industry slows down, men are thrown out of work and the wages of those still employed are reduced. It then becomes apparent to everyone that "hard times" have arrived. Likewise when work is plentiful and wages are high, it is easy to realize that prosperity is at hand.

The course of business through the economic cycle during the past few years has been marked by some unusual features and is interesting to trace. The peak of prosperity reached shortly after the world war was probably the highest ever known in the history of America. Production and prices rose to unheard of heights, wages soared, and the high prices in no way discouraged the desire of the people to buy.

This bubble of prosperity burst in 1920 and frequently was heard, "When will good times return?" Business slumped down into the valley of depression. Industry remained stagnant for months. Unemployment took on the proportions of a national problem. But as day follows night, and flood tide follows ebb, so inevitably must the existing business depression some time come to an end and the inflooding tide of prosperity begin to rise. This favorable change began in 1922, although conditions were still far from normal, for the coal trouble continued and there was also the open shop fight in the clothing trade.

With the advent of 1923, business and industry both give indications that an upward swing in economic conditions are again in progress. In the east especially are conditions prosperous. There is plenty of work and wages are high. Thus we see a practical working out of the business cycle. A definite period of prosperity followed by about the same period of depression—and then the returning of prosperity. Now that the much-longed-for prosperous times are again here, let us hope that they have come to stay.

James J. Keenan, '23.

* * *

My Prayer Book

In troubled hours a pledge of calm,
A sweet, sympathetic friend,
As soothing as an ancient Psalm
Seeking all my cares to mend.

When it is tattered, worn, and old,
And of all its beauties shorn,
To my heart I shall always hold
This dear friend of sorrow born.

On its leaves I shall breathe a sigh
When Death's call is drawing near,
Close to my heart I'll draw it nigh—
It shall rob my death of fear.

Ruth McIlvenna

America The Creditor

If a survey were made to determine the most unenviable employment today, it is is more than probable that the place of the bill collector would rank high on the list. It is human nature, perhaps, to dislike anyone who makes it his business to exact payment of debts, especially if those debts were contracted for articles or service whose use and benefit have long since passed away. For instance, who cares to pay for clothes that have been worn out, or for food that has been consumed?

In the fact that the United States has become a creditor of other nations to the extent of some eleven billions of dollars, we may find an explanation of the jealousy and criticism to which we have been subjected. A favorite thrust among European nations is that the United States is a veritable Shylock demanding the pound of flesh from our late allies and associates. A brief survey of facts will prove the contrary. Not long ago the Comptroller of Currency issued a statement describing conditions from August 1914, when the war began, up to the end of 1922. His report showed that goods and money loaned to other countries during that time amounted to twenty-two billion dollars. Of this amount ten billions had been loaned to Allied European governments with no other security than a mere promise to pay. Added sums and interest have raised this loan to eleven billion, five hundred million dollars. Some of these creditors have been agitating a movement to cancel this debt of eleven billions. A plea was set forth that if America exacted payment of this huge sum, Europe would be forced into a state of bankruptcy—and economic collapse, whose resulting reaction on the United States would be far more costly than cancellation of the original loan. In other words, poverty seems to be their principal excuse. In spite of this, our two chief debtors, England and France, have been yearly expending enormous amounts of money for the maintenance of military and naval establishments. A casual survey of the French budget for 1922 reveals expenditures of over four hundred million dollars for military purposes, while Great Britain's budget for 1922-23 shows an outlay of some seven hundred millions for her army and navy. Do these conditions argue poverty?

Another contention, urged especially by France, is that as all nations are enjoying the fruits of a common victory for which all nations fought side by side, it is only right that the costs should be shared by all; that consequently, the United States should not press our late comrades in war for payment of funds loaned for the purpose of winning a common victory. In reply we might justly claim that it hardly seems reasonable to load on the backs of American taxpayers a huge share of the

war costs that were incurred by foreign nations. From a practical point of view, it must not be forgotten that these very nations who are so deeply in our debt are at the same time our competitors in the markets of the world. Now what a disastrous result it would be for the United States were she, by assuming this war burden, to increase her taxes and her cost of living and then have her European friends undersell her in the world's trade. This, most probably, would be the outcome, for an increased cost of government and living would necessitate a higher price on our goods.

Nor would the cancellation of these debts mean merely the stroke of a pen. The money loaned to European governments was raised by the issue of Liberty Loan bonds which must one day be redeemed by our government. We are asking that the loan be paid back, not through a mercenary spirit, but because the money will be needed to take up the Liberty Loans as they mature.

Great Britain is the first of the Allied Powers to attempt to meet her obligations in full. Recently a settlement was reached by the United States Funding Commission whereby England provided for the issuing of British Government bonds to the United States for the total amount of her indebtedness with a proviso that a certain number of these shall be redeemed annually for sixty-two years, until said debt is paid.

President Harding in commenting on this settlement said: "Here is the first clearing of the war-clouded skies in a debt-burdened world. It is a recommitment of the English-speaking world to the validity of contract; it is, in effect, a pledge against war and war expenditures."

Floyd J. Banks, '23.

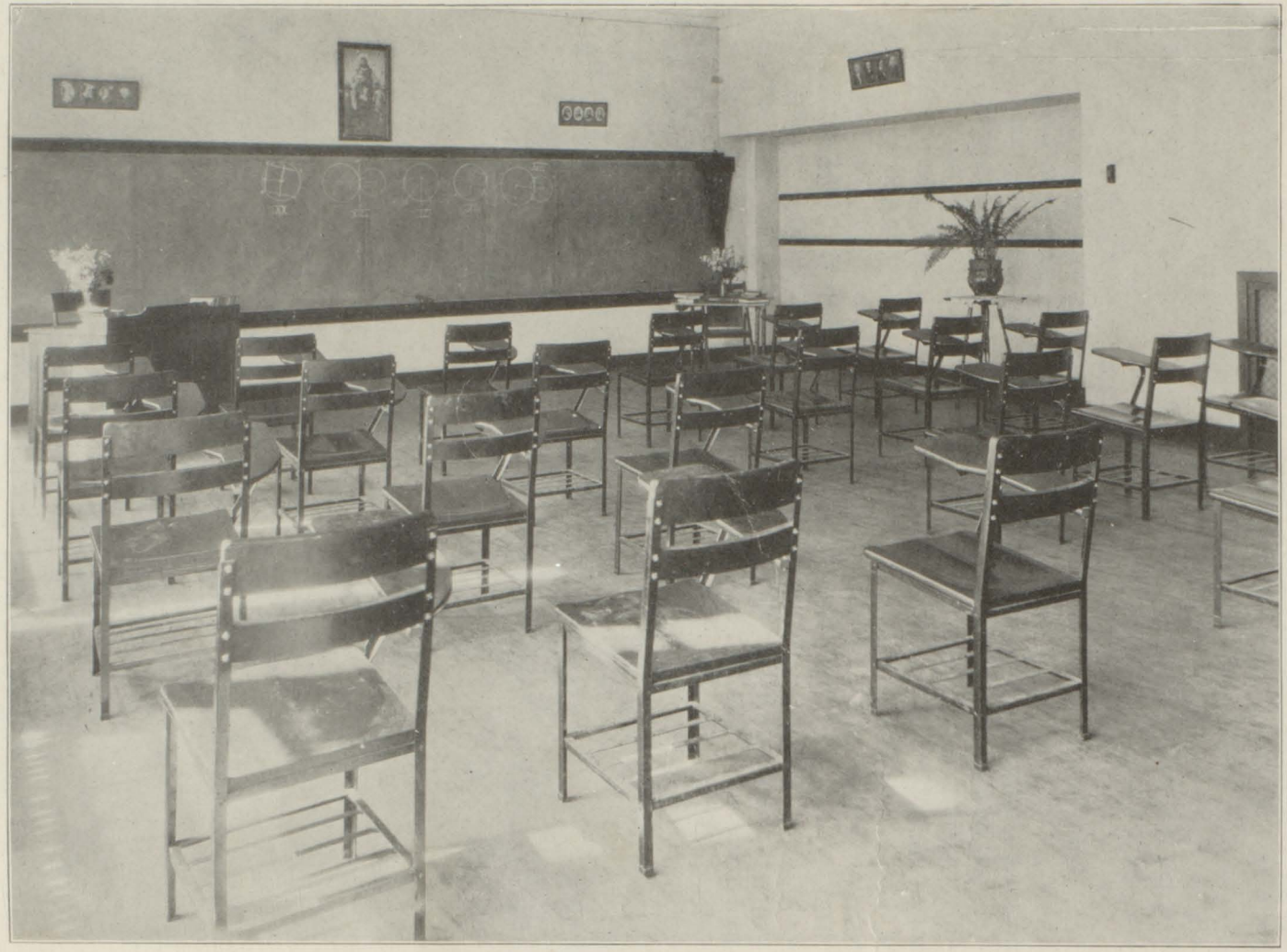
* * *

"Forever."

Like a kite I am always soaring
  Towards Heaven and my God,
But the string of life is holding me
  A prisoner to the sod.

The time will come when the reaper Death
  This cord of Life shall sever,
And I shall be free to float away
  And be with God forever.

Ruth McIlvenna



RECITATION ROOM

An Appreciation of the Poetry of Alice Meynell.

If it be true that "a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid," one may readily comprehend the hold that poetry has upon the human heart. Few there are who would not long to be poets—who, at some time or other, have not felt the urge of poetic expression, and who, although denied the gift themselves, in another hail that priceless alchemy which transforms the mind's crude metal into coins of shining gold. Darwin, the scientist, lost his early love of poetry and music through neglect. "The loss of these tastes," he himself declared, "is a loss of happiness, injurious to the intellect, and to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The modern poet, as a rule, is willing to serve a shallow public with ideas the most mediocre. Poet and public alike, although fully capable of higher thoughts, seem satisfied to dwell on the lowest plane of mentality. More pensive minds, however, feel the need of something more ennobling, more sublime,—hence the deep appreciation of Catholic writers. It is to be remembered that many of the great poets of today and yesterday were staunch believers in the Catholic Faith and that many more of them, reared under religious influences, received their beautiful inspirations from their daily guardians.

Alice Christina Meynell ranks among the latter as an exemplar of pure verse. A convert in the spring of life, her poetry is noted for its serenity, intensity, earnestness, and sweet seriousness. She wrote as a lover of all that is beautiful, and never did she stoop in her writings to give vent to mere human desire to please or entertain. All of her works are full of the passion of the poet for the higher things in nature; throughout her poetry one discerns an ecstasy controlled but not confined. This perfect control is remarkable in her exquisite sonnet, "Renouncement." Here we feel the passion, but no sudden outburst until the final touch of feeling expressive of the pent up emotion contained in the last lines,

"With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

Mrs. Meynell was educated in France and Italy and naturally her poems show this influence. It would seem that the Italian skies lent a most musical depth and serenity to her mind,—a characteristic of her early years which shows forth also in her later writings. Moreover, her life was benefited in a religious way, for during her stay in Italy she enjoyed the privilege of imbibing the thought and feeling of the Church at its very fountain head.

In 1877 she married Mr. Wilfred Meynell, then a convert of seven

years standing and a writer of distinction. It was through her husband that Francis Thompson met the "guardian angel" of his lonely, odd life. Her influence over Thompson was so wonderful that it was almost magical. She seems to have been a magnet acting on his personality, bringing out everything good and subduing the rough spots. It is she that we have to thank for the publication of that enduring work of his, "The Hound of Heaven."

Her own poetry is not unlike that of Francis Thompson, although there is not apparent in hers as much vigor as her protege displays. Her poetry will not appeal to those who seek the noisy, but rather to shy, deep thinking minds. It is the class of poetry that one thinks of at dusk on a cool evening when the world is resting after a breathless day and the mind is unconsciously reaching for higher ideals than the mere common ones of everyday life. Her poems inspire the feeling of awe which comes over one whose privilege it is to work among those Angels of Mercy in our children's great hospital wards where cheerful faces peep out from under an ocean of white bandages and you feel that it is the beautiful charity of humanity that has made these faces happy despite their sore afflictions. Mrs. Meynell is the poet of "heavenward meditations" that demand in a reader the mood of contemplation which is her own. Now that she has passed into the Great Beyond and we enjoy her presence no more, the influence of her songs shall live, urging us to better things. The lines of a humble poet of our own land seem most applicable to her:

"The woman died and her song was still,
It was sweet, so sweet in the singing,
But ever I hear the same low trill
Of the song that stirred my heart with a thrill
And goes forever winging!"

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Dorothy A. Woodruff, '23.

A Great American Novelist

The first literature of an infant nation tends to expression in poetry and the drama. Not until a later period, when life has grown more complex, do we find the novel assuming an important position in letters. Our own country has proved no exception to this general rule. The drama even now, has not taken distinct root upon American soil. The colonists' struggles for freedom naturally left little time for the encouragement of literary effort, so that not until the dawn of the nineteenth century might there be noted the rise of some rarely gifted poets, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Poe, Drake and Halleck—men whose names have become household words.

With James Fenimore Cooper, however, the novel assumed its rightful place in American literature. Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, though most of his life was spent in New York. His early days passed in the almost unbroken wilderness of Central New York around Otsego Lake furnished him with ample material for those wonderful literary pictures of life and scenery which he gives us in his American Romances and Romances of the Sea.

Not until the author was thirty years of age did he realize his creative genius, and then purely by accident. He had been reading an English novel, which he put down in disgust, remarking to his wife, "I believe I could write a better novel than that myself." "Why don't you?" was the quiet query of his wife. Spurred on by her encouragement he produced a novel of English society, entitled "Precaution." It was very crude but it taught him something, for he discovered that a story writer to be successful must write of those things with which he is thoroughly familiar.

Although "Precaution" as a novel was a failure, yet it paved the way for his greater work "The Spy." The scene of this story is laid in Westchester County, which at that time was his home. The period is that of the Revolution, and as not many years had elapsed since the war, he was able to locate men who remembered those stirring times, and who pointed out places and gave him accounts of less familiar aspects of the War. These interesting localities and events bearing direct relation to the main point, gave the writer greater freedom and versatility in plot and description than if he had confined himself to well known characters and their deeds. The hero of "The Spy" is Harvey Birch, an American, who disguised as a peddler passes through the British lines and obtains information which proves of great value to the American army. So realistic is the picture of Harvey Birch that many people believe him to be an actual historical character. When "The Spy" was published it met with marked success both in England and America.

Pleased with the reception of this work Cooper soon wrote another novel, the material of which he drew from his boyhood knowledge of the Indians and of the great forests. This story, "The Pioneers," also became very popular. There was still another phase of life with which Cooper was singularly familiar and he determined to portray it in story form. This was the life of the sea described so vividly in "The Pilot," his fourth novel, which tells of cruising and fighting on board a man-o-war. Quite as original and perhaps even more famous is that contribution to American letters which portrays the westward march of the pioneers. In five volumes entitled the "Leather Stocking Tales," we are told the history of Bumppo from his youth as a hunter to his death as an old man on the open prairie. Bumppo's life and adventures form the plot of these stories.

James Fenimore Cooper, as an author, entered into the woof and warp of American Literature. He is thoroughly human; he is strong; and strength with eccentricities—and Cooper had these—is more attractive and moving than mild weakness attended by the grace of propriety. As a man he was proud without vanity, a good hater, yet distinguished for devotion to his home and family; severe, yet holding himself to a high standard of justice; a man of mighty passions, yet of a powerful will to control them; loyal to what he esteemed right principle; patriotic, though the severest critic of his country; a Puritan in character though condemning the Puritan character of New England; frank, fearless, and truthful. He lacked tact, and for the lack of this quality he paid the penalty of obloquy. There was little of the compromising or conciliatory in his nature. But he had what men of tact are in peril of lacking—the heroic qualities of mind, heart, will, and conscience.

In a word, as a writer and as a man, Cooper may be said truly to represent the American character and the American mind. His name ranks side by side with the author of "Ivanhoe;" indeed he is known as the "American Scott" and like the English novelist he has, and probably will retain, a secure hold upon the hearts of all true lovers of romance.

Alice M. Courtney, '23.

G. K. Chesterton—Recent Convert.

In these days of materialism and unfaith, when men of learning seem to grope in utter darkness amid the ruins of dogmas they themselves have shattered, it is with a feeling of deep comfort and refreshing calm that one turns to the unmistakable stability of the True Fold of Christ to find in its shelter the solace denied him elsewhere.

One by one men are coming back to the Faith of their fathers, and the road that leads to Rome is beaten smooth by the tread of their hastening feet. While every day sees new converts made, it is natural that more attention should be attracted by those whose position and rare abilities render them more conspicuous. Notable among these latter is that brilliant writer, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, whose delightful stories and essays have long charmed the English speaking world.

Though a disappointment to his Anglican friends, yet Mr. Chesterton's submission to Rome was not unexpected, because for many years he had been under the influence of Hilaire Belloc, a well known Catholic writer, and had for a long time been sympathetic toward the Papacy, all his published works displaying this spirit.

His book on "Orthodoxy" was written in answer to a challenge. He was asked to give a reason for the faith that was in him, and his reply describes the process by which he not merely discovered the truth, but rediscovered the truth.

"I don't want anyone to talk about my conversion as though it were a highly important matter," is Mr. Chesterton's way of referring to the event. "I don't mind it being known, and shall probably write about it soon." According to Chesterton himself, the story of his conversion is a long one, and it is, he says, the sort of thing to be talked about only with a strong sense of responsibility. But the story, when it does appear will undoubtedly be one of the most interesting and striking religious documents of this period. The two Chesterton brothers, Gilbert Keith and Cecil Edward, were brought up as Unitarians though they later became Anglicans. The conversion of Cecil Chesterton took place in 1912, when he was received into the Church by the late Father Sebastian Bowden of the Congregation of the Oratory.

Many will remember Cecil Chesterton as having lectured in America just before the great War called so many brilliant men to the service of their country. Cecil Chesterton was one who early in the contest laid down his life—the sacrifice of a noble career.

Gilbert Chesterton is probably best known here from his delightful short stories frequently contributed to our magazines. A number of these have been compiled in book form. Among these "The Inno-

cence of Father Brown," and "The Wisdom of Father Brown" are collections of tales dealing with a certain Catholic priest who, acting as amateur detective, puts to shame professional sleuths in apprehending mysterious criminals. Father Brown wins his way into the hearts of his readers, and we learn with pleasure that the jolly little priest was the one who naturally brought Chesterton into the Church. These stories, like all the author's writings, abound in delicious bits of description, a few of which we glean at random:

"Between the silver ribbon of morning and the green glittering ribbon of sea, the boat touched H—, and let loose a swarm of folk like fleas."

"The most incredible thing about miracles is that they happen."

"A stormy evening of olive and silver was closing in."

"In the cool blue twilight of two steep streets in—, the shop at the corner, a confectioner's, glowed like the butt of a cigar."

"The gorgeous green and gold still clung to the darkening horizon; but the dome above was turning slowly from peacock green to peacock blue, and the stars detached themselves more and more like solid jewels."

May the facile pen which has produced such gems of jovial sagacity, such flashes of spiritual fun and philosophic intuition, such gallant life songs, continue to be employed in the service of the Faith which he has lately embraced with such love and humility.

Flora M. Novak, '23.

* * *

Mother.

When a fellow has a mother
He's a mighty lucky man;
For he'll never want another,
Though he reach life's longest span.

She's the one thing in creation
That your money cannot buy;
She's beyond all calculation—
Doesn't matter how you try.

You may talk about the others
Who are near and dear and true,
But no cousins, aunts or brothers
Can approach her love for you.

—Selected

THE ROSARY GROUP

My Rosary.

Sweet roses of Our Lady
Daily shall we entwine
Into fair wreaths and garlands,
Before our dear Queen's shrine,
With all a child's affection—
Our rosary, we'll repeat,
And lay our fragrant blossoms,
Close to our Mother's feet.

When evening shades shall gather
And life's bright lamp grows pale,
When earthly friends and treasures
Prove fruitless of avail,
Our comfort, then O Mother,
Shall solely be from Thee,
Plead with us, Thy Son for mercy,
Dear Queen of the Rosary.

—Selected.

Life's Rosary.

Life with its manifold mysteries, its days and nights of succeeding joy and woe, frequently has been compared to the Rosary upon whose unbroken round we tell our prayers. How beautiful is youth! Someone has written that, "Youth alone is eternal and immortal." The picture of Our Lady visited by the Angel Gabriel enshrines itself in every Catholic maiden's heart, inspiring her to the practice of purity, modesty, humility. Thus the First Joyful Mystery brings her closer to the spotless Maid of Galilee and to him who, bearing a lily in his hand, left high Heaven's angelic bands to convey to Mary the message of the Most High. In the Mystery of the Visitation there is suggested the practice of charity and hospitality and gentle virtues which turn home into a lesser Heaven.

Thus one by one we may glean our lesson from the mysteries of the beads. From youth we pass to maturity and with our happiness there often mingles pain. We too, like our Blessed Master, must have our Gethsemane. We too, gaze at the unpitying stars, longing for the comfort that never seems to come. We too, turn to our long loved friends to find them sleeping instead of watching; and we yield to discouragement as one by one friends drop away, the bright stars fade from our horizon and all is deepest gloom.

With the wisdom of her divine mission the Church has studied every spiritual ill of her children; for each she offers a panacea to heal or assuage its pain. Apart from the Mass and the Sacraments, no exercise claims such universal devotion as the Rosary. Pope and peasant, nun and worldling, priest and layman—for all these alike is our Lady's Rosary. And why? Because it is an epitome of life. In the joys of Jesus and Mary, set forth in the mysteries of the beads, we trace faintly the joys of our own fleeting days. In their sorrows we find the balm to dry our own tears; in their glories we learn to raise our eyes to Heaven to find there Jesus and Mary, eager to reward our little labors in their praise.

The Rosary is a way to God through Mary His most perfect creature. As she was the nearest to Christ in suffering, so is she nearest to Him in glory. She is the Mother of all, and by establishing solid devotion to our Blessed Lady, we are establishing more perfect devotion to Christ.

As little ones each needs a Mother's care, so God Himself chose Mary to be His Mother, and to care for Him. Kneeling by her side He learned His first prayer and sang His first psalm. He heard of the splendors of the Nameless Name and the wonder of His coming; of David and Solomon, of empires—fleeting things; but most of all He learned to pray from her, His Mother.

And we too, telling the Rosary of our years, should turn to Mary, seeking comfort and direction in every pain and doubt:

"Blessed Maiden, Virgin Mother
Still the race of life we run;
That we reach the goal triumphant,
Pray for us to Christ, thy Son."

Catherine A. Martin, '23.

* * *

An Echo.

You always will know what an echo will do;
Whatever you say, it sends back to you;
If you speak gently with voice low and sweet,
The echo your words and tone will repeat.

If your words are cross and your voice is shrill,
The answering voice sounds crosser still;
Send a pleasant call with might and main,
You will hear a happy shout again.

When we are happy and cheery and bright,
The world around us is sure to go right;
We must be careful of voice and of word,
For they come back—as life's echo is heard.

—Selected

President's Address.

Today we are students in school, sheltered and protected; tomorrow we shall be citizens with duties and responsibilities. We shall then have work to perform. As we shall possess new rights and privileges, so we shall be under the duty of meeting definite requirements and fulfilling various obligations. To fit us properly for these duties has been the purpose of our education. All these years we have been preparing to discharge faithfully the duties of citizenship.

Useful citizenship is a broad term. It embraces not only our civic duties, but the accomplishment of any worthy work that will serve God, or our fellow men. To do both is to attain success. Now wealth is sometimes considered an index of success. The real proof of success, however, is achievement and accomplishment of our life work. If wealth comes to us as a result of service in this chosen work, so much the better, but it is a truth well worth remembering that some of the most impressive achievements in past history are those of men who died comparatively poor.

Speaking of success, the thought comes to my mind that our participation in Graduation exercises is in a great measure our parents' success because for years back they have planned and labored that we might become worthy citizens—properly equipped to face the world and bear life's responsibilities. No amount of wealth could give them the same feeling of achievement and accomplishment as does our presence here as Graduates this evening.

Leaving our Alma Mater and going out into the world as we are tonight we must lay aside any selfish motives and think seriously how we can best reach the end destined for each one of us. We may reach this goal by various roads but all thoughts of personal aggrandizement must be set aside and we must each put forth our best efforts to achieve true success and all it implies. We will be guided by the high ideals set before us during our years of preparation. We must school ourselves to the fact that when we launch out into the great battle of life, our efforts will not always be viewed by friendly eyes. There will be indifference, criticism, and at times even open combat. We shall not be accepted at so-called face value—we shall have to prove ourselves worthy of the trust placed in us by our Alma Mater. Our ability to come through oncoming trials successfully will be the proof of our Catholic education, where not only the intellect is trained, but the moral nature is strengthened.

Happy have been our years of preparation, and before entering life's school we must express our gratitude to the kind Father who has watched over our young years and who will ever be an inspiration to us

in the future. We hope always to reap the benefit of his personal guidance and advice.

To our Christian Doctrine Instructor we extend our sincere thanks for his timely counsel and we hope that the coming years will prove that his words have fallen on "good soil."

To our kind, unselfish Teachers, we also bid adieu. Daily contact with them must now be severed but their influence will live on down through the coming years.

Alphonse N. Holihan, '23

* * *

Boys.

Never be idle.
Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.
Never speak ill of any one.
Keep good company or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Be just before you are generous.
Earn money before you spend it.
Keep your own secrets if you have any.
Never borrow if you can easily avoid it.
Good character is above all things else.

What Shall We Do With The Ballot?

The struggle for the attainment of woman suffrage has written one of the most momentous chapters in the history of our country. In early colonial days Margaret Brent of Maryland made herself conspicuous by her appearance in the legislative halls of her native state to plead for the privilege of the ballot. Needless to say her efforts met with no success unless we consider the inspiration afforded to other women in extending her activities to states outside her own. Dr. Mary Walker, she of the cropped hair and trousers fame, despite public ridicule and private censure, through various women's organizations caused the adoption of laws giving her sex a prominent part in political matters and laying the foundation of woman suffrage in some states that at an early date introduced such legislation. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is conceded to be the first woman in our land to vote at the polls. Her efforts were supplemented by many women of wealth and prominence, conspicuous among them being Mrs. Oliver Belmont and numerous overzealous females whose chief claim to recognition was their picketing of the White House during the administration of President Wilson.

But why hark back to the means practiced to gain an end whose achievement is beyond dispute? For good or ill the franchise is here. Those who longed for it and worked for it so earnestly have attained their desire. Those who were content to let their fathers, brothers, and husbands uphold their rights at the polls may be said to have had it thrust upon them. There arises the far more important question, "What will we do with the ballot now that it is in our hands?" Two opposing opinions were advanced previous to the entrance of women into the political arena. One was that with her love for purity, her higher moral standards, her sympathy for the oppressed and suffering, that she would always be found on the side of righteousness and would inject into the sordid atmosphere of politics the sweetness of her own personal virtue. The contrasting prediction was to the effect that women would vote just as did the masculine portion of her household and thus no material difference would be observed. As a matter of fact, investigation has proved that no such marked results in either direction so far have been traceable to woman suffrage. Crime is as ripe as ever, divorce increases rather than diminishes, and corrupt men still sit in high places. Likewise it may be stated that women, in most cases, have shown an independence of spirit in casting their ballot, while their political faith naturally takes color from their early training, they readily refuse to follow in the footsteps of their "men folks." The main consideration for women now is the one which equally applies to men, and which they often ignore: namely, such a regard for

the privilege of the suffrage that it must be employed as an act involving the most momentous consequences. It has been said that "not bullets but ballots are the determining force in a democracy." Now that woman has the ballot she should study to use it intelligently, thus placing in power men who may be counted on to safeguard the rights of the people. A Catholic woman's duty goes a step further. She must endeavor to keep out of office the men who might do aught to destroy the power of the Church, to limit her opportunities for the salvation of souls. In the past we Catholics, it is said, have been too easy going, and thus, before it is realized, our rights are taken from us by legislation. The recent passage of the Oregon school law has proved this to our sorrow, and even in our State of Michigan nothing but bitter contesting on the part of our able Bishops has preserved us from a similar fate.

It is the solemn duty of every Catholic woman, not only to the State, but to her Faith and future generations as well, to exercise her right of franchise, casting her ballot in all elections, primaries, conventions, etc., that occur in her community.

Yet for each individual woman to acquire the habit of voting and then to assume the attitude that as she leaves the door of the polling place she has finished her duty, is an error. Women of today and especially our Catholic women, when so many grave questions confront us bearing upon our faith and rights, must do much more. She must tirelessly exhaust every effort to protect the rights and privileges which the Constitution of the United States of America and her own State guarantee.

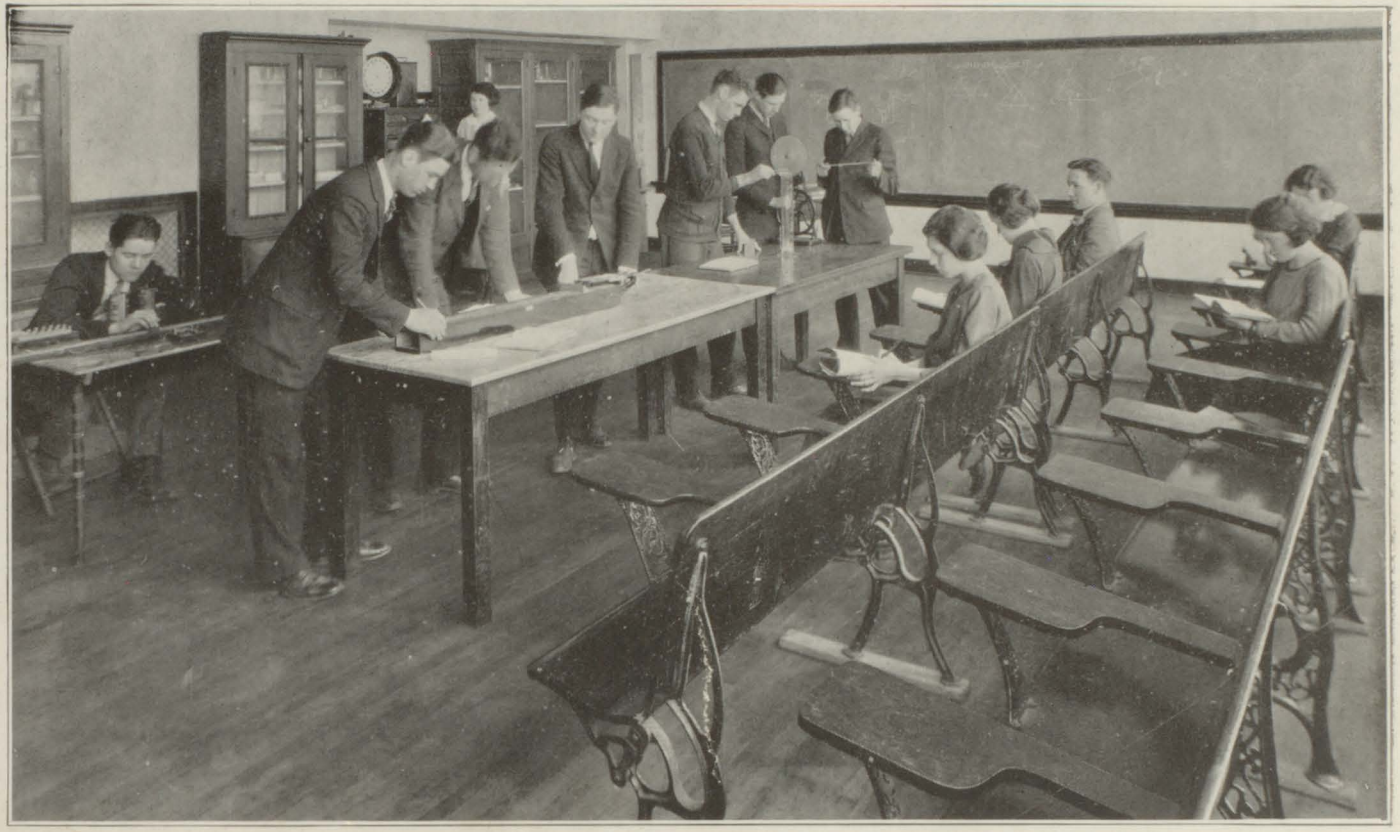
It is true that woman being new in the field of politics has much to learn, but we expect her ever to be on the side of purity and decency. While at present she may not be making her power felt, a day will come when, we are confident, she will prove her right to suffrage by helping to sweep out of existence divorce, bigotry, socialism, and all the evil forces which threaten to disrupt our nation.

Hazel C. Davis, '23

* * *

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism, which I learned when a child, at my dear mother's knee, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the great end of man?"—"To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever."

—Carlyle



LABORATORY

Louis Pasteur—Noted Scientist.

The centennial celebration of the birth of Louis Pasteur which took place in December of this past year must not be passed unnoticed, nor can his name be recalled without a word of appreciation for his great work, so beneficial to suffering humanity. As time is divided before and after Christ, so medical history might be said to be divided before and after Pasteur.

Louis Pasteur was born in the little French village of Dôle, December 7, 1822. He was the son of a poor tanner. In his early years he showed no especial aptitude for study, but later became interested in Crystallography, and made chemistry his life work. Mitscherlich, a German chemist, made it known that he could find no explanation for the polarization of tartrates and paratartrates. While examining one of these solutions with a microscope Pasteur saw myriads of wriggling animalculae or germs about the forming crystals. He heated a drop of this, thereby killing these minute organisms, and found that the crystals ceased to form, proving that the action of these germs formed the crystals. It was this, his first notable discovery, that showed him the great part these small beings play in the life of man.

It is to Pasteur we owe our canned goods, for he discovered that by heating he could kill the germs in the substance and by sealing he could prevent others from entering with the air, thereby keeping it fresh for any length of time. He proved this by filling sixty glass flasks with veal broth and sealing them. Some of these are preserved today. One of Pasteur's greatest discoveries in medicine was the effect of vaccination. He discovered the cause and a vaccine for hydrophobia, cholera, and many other terrible diseases. He was the first, also, to use antiseptics for dressing wounds.

Pasteur's benefit to mankind is monumental; his life was one continuous pursuit of remedies for the relief of the afflicted. Pasteur's life was an example of how closely religion and science can be united. When asked if his discoveries did not turn his mind from God, he replied, "If I could make all the discoveries possible, my faith would be that of a humble peasant, and if I could make even more, my faith would be that of a peasant's wife."

Ralph N. Carpenter, '23

The Power of Eloquence.

From the earliest dawn of civilization the gift of eloquence has played no insignificant part in the world's history. The records of human life are replete with noble names whose owners' chief claim to fame was the possession of burning speech. Of such were the prophets chosen of God to teach men the truth and to foretell the coming of the Saviour. Moses, his natural impediment of voice removed by the power of God, Isaias, whose lips were touched with a fiery coal, and Daniel reading the doom of Babylon from the hand-writing on the wall—these are but a few of the great figures whose eloquence the Sacred Scriptures have immortalized.

In the infancy of the Church one of its greatest teachers and preachers was the gifted St. Paul whose rare eloquence may be directly traced to divine inspiration. His simple, direct, yet forceful sermons led thousands from paganism into the true fold of Christ. The Apostles, poor, uneducated fishermen trembling with fear in the Cenacle, dreamed not of their latent powers until the coming of the Holy Ghost, when endowed with the gift of Tongues, they went forth to preach the New Gospel to the world. And is it not sweet to reflect on the eloquence of Him Who had stood in their midst, Who had discoursed in the Temple and upon the hillside, on the shores of the lake, and from the boat on the river, attended by thousands who had left all to follow Him? True, our Saviour's divinity was always present, albeit unrecognized by His listeners; but apart from the divine, must there not have been in this Son of Man—a title dear to His Heart—a burning eloquence which set Him apart from every other and carried all before it?

Profane history offers many examples of men who have been singularly endowed with this heaven born gift. Demosthenes, by sheer force of will and perseverance, overcoming a natural impediment in speech became one of the foremost orators of Greece, indeed, of all the world. A man of no small talent and ability he became the champion of the Athenian cause and used all his powers against the aggression of Philip of Macedonia. Most of his speeches relate to this issue. His eloquence, argument, and personal influence won nearly all the Grecian states to a coalition that for a time successfully kept Philip from Greece proper. Had Demosthenes possessed as much courage as eloquence he would have been one of the celebrated heroes of Greece.

To a much later period, the disputed Middle Ages, belongs Peter the Hermit whose preaching of the Crusades armed all Christendom against the Moslem and set in action one of the most notable movements in history. The eloquence of St. Dominic was foretold before his birth, and his mother's vision of a hound bearing in its mouth a

burning brand proved a true figure of that zealous spirit destined to destroy with prayer and preaching the deadly influence of the schismatic.

Turning from the records of the past to the written annals of American history, we discover such names as Patrick Henry, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster and scores of others, great advocates of American freedom and powerful orators all. Who has not heard of Patrick Henry's famous speech? What true American today cannot quote those splendid words of his—"I know not what course others may take; but for me, give me liberty or give me death!" These sentiments uttered amid a storm of patriotic, eloquent enthusiasm have been repeated since and should the necessity arise, would be repeated today by every patriotic American in the land. President Lincoln is another shining star on the horizon of American oratory. Public criticism never annoyed Abraham Lincoln but when, after his famous Gettysburg speech, the people did not compliment him by the customary clapping and shouting, he was pained and discouraged for he felt that his effort had been a failure. Not until later, from the lips of a Confederate soldier, did he learn how his simple words so eloquently delivered, had impressed his audience and that by its silence it had bestowed upon him the perfect tribute.

What would civilization be today had not such men lived? In the Catholic Church we find millions the world over practicing the Faith preached by the Apostles, St. Paul and countless others. We have our free and independent United States delivered from England's yoke and later from the horrors of slavery; and under the grace of God we must attribute much to the power of eloquence which fired the imagination of the listeners and impelled them to great deeds for God and man. It is not the words alone which constitute the speech. The charm of the most brilliant oration is lost when set down in barren print. The elements that appeal to eye and ear, such as voice, facial expression, gesture, cannot be reproduced in black and white. The study of oratory was greatly stressed by the ancients; succeeding generations gave the Art but little attention, so it may perhaps be termed a modern science. It is a natural gift but like all other talents, one that can be cultivated. The marvelous capacity of the human voice arises from its adaptation to the ever changing phases of human expression. Under judicious training it attunes itself to the almost infinite diversity of thought and feeling. In times gone by only men needed to foster their ability for public expression. In these days, however, when women are so much to the fore,when clubs, lecture platforms, and politics offer a broader field to our sex, we have opportunities hitherto unknown in which to practice public speaking. Let us prove equal to the demand and fit ourselves to become leaders whom others may safely follow and possessing as we do the truth, we shall offset the noisome effects of evil.

To the eloquent shall belong victory!

Mabel A. O'Brien, '23

The Song of The Seashell.

Behold how the golden sunbeams come stealing over the rippling surface of yon expanse of water! How the refreshing breezes kiss the gently murmuring waves! On the shores stately trees wave to and fro and the tiny blades of grass bend and brighten as the sunlight relieves them of their burden of last evening's dew. The very beauty of the place enchants me, and I pause in admiration. Glistening on the sands is an exquisite shell. What a host of thoughts it brings to my mind and what lessons of growth and expansion it speaks to my soul. This little shell in its watery cavern takes on a more beautiful tint and as it grows it sings its message more strongly to the human ear. Our practical knowledge tells us that this singing in the shell is merely the result of sound waves acting upon its many circular chambers, but how much more poetical to find in it the lingering music of the sea tossing on sand or rocky beach.

Many and various are the marvelous secrets that this pearly shell might relate! What a revelation had it the power in which to make known to the world the occurrences that have taken place, the many tragedies to which it has been an unavoidable witness! Then might we learn of buried rocks and sunken ships and lost treasures—the wrecks of storm and war. Little children playing on the seashore are fascinated by the delicate beauty of the seashell and the mysterious murmuring which they cannot comprehend. The shell has delved deeply into the wonders of ocean life and therein lies its attraction to our minds.

Long and many are its journeys from shore to shore, tossed about on tempestuous seas, perhaps never reaching its true destination but going on forever. So it is with the lives of men. We never know what the morrow will bring forth, but must believe and trust in the mercy of God for guidance and protection. Truly, it speaks a message to my soul of mental and spiritual growth,—how each noble effort of the soul results in a casting off of the low built chambers of the spirit, one by one, and finds a higher one in which to unfold, until like the seashell it will one day cast off its earthly habitation by "life's unresting sea."

Margaret M. Bender, '23

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Class History.

The history of a class of great renown,
In the lines of this story will be found.

On Sept. 8, 1919, twenty-one Freshmen made their entrance into St. Mary's Study Hall to be taught the great mysteries of Latin and Science. Today, these Freshmen are standing at the portals ready to bid farewell to all that is dear in school life.

The district school of Spaulding little dreamed, that in sending Alphonsus Holihan to our school, it was supplying the leader and president of our class. He has helped us through many a tedious hour with his ready wit and pleasant smile. That success may crown his efforts is the wish of his classmates.

In our Sophomore year a new member joined our class. His fame as a joker preceded him from Holy Redeemer School, Detroit, and we welcomed him heartily. He has proved his loyalty and goodness and for two years has been our vice-president. This lad has a peculiar nationality,—James Pat Keenan! Can you guess?

For secretary of our class we elected Miss Grace Dwan, famous for her neat and legible hand writing. Sacred Heart outdid itself in sending St. Mary's this wonderful character. She is quiet but oh! how nice! In Physics class she excels and has passed through the hardest lessons with ease!!! May all her work be as light.

Kathleen Mavourneen and her love for the "ould sod" has nothing on a certain member of our class. She is always radiant with happiness and a true friend to everyone. As President of the Children of Mary, we honor and love her as a model of the society. This very Irish lass is Miss Catherine Martin.

Ralph Carpenter began his brilliant career in the first grade and has valiantly worked until he has reached his goal. He realized that sometime he would make a name for himself and so has applied himself well throughout his school life. He is official messenger for the Second National Bank and his class hopes that some day he will be its President.

As a garden is not complete without a rose neither is our class perfect without a certain lass whom everyone loves. She has progressed wonderfully as a social success and the praise of "Mugs," Margaret Bender, is on everyone's lips. She has won renown for her proficiency in singing, and as jumping center on the Basketball team.

Hail! star forward of our Basketball team! For four years Mr. Schrems has won fame for his wonderful athletic prowess. He usually gets what he wants even if he moves with unusual slowness around the classroom. The class has failed to solve the mystery of Cornie's presence on Warren Avenue so frequently.

The attraction of St. Mary's proved to be too great for Dorothy Woodruff to withstand. She started as a Freshman and the next year entered St. Mary's of the Woods. But in her Senior year the call of her class was answered and she returned, full of new ideas which she imparted to her "eager for news" classmates. Miss Woodruff's new style of hair-dress is especially attractive and we are kept busy following suit.

Every class has at least one Hercules and this honor falls to Louis Guenin. It took two years for Louis to learn that he was not only brilliant as a student but also as an athlete, but when he did find out it took more than the opposing team to stop him. As stationary guard on the Basketball team he excells. But the girls agree that "teasing" is his greatest achievement.

We are glad to possess in our class a very noted musician—Floyd Banks. He is bashful of his superior knowledge of music and must be coaxed to play at our various meetings. His translation and interpretation of "Nearer My God To Thee" is a wonderful piece and it is not to be wondered at if it will soon be published.

Mabel O'Brien is one of the three members of our class who spent the twelve years in St. Mary's. During the first two years of High School life we thought that Mabel was quiet and would always be so but the last two years she has surprised us. As guard on the Basketball team she is as lively as the rest and is a good running mate for Genevieve Quinn.

Every class has a student who is especially bright and this lot falls to Arthur DeVeaux. Many times he has helped his delinquent classmates and some day he will be great. We sincerely hope that we will be near to share his honors.

"Good things are done up in small packages!" At least so thinks the "Midget" of our class—Marian Green. She is little but Oh! so big in ideals and ambitions. Her struggle with Latin is just about finished and she has conquered. She leads her class in her ability to render difficult readings with ease.

Harmon Remey came to us in the second year of high school life. He has won a permanent place in our midst. As center on our Basketball team he is a star and his wonderful long shots are the pride of us all. He is also a brilliant student and we hope some day he will be famous.

From Birch Run came Miss Alice Courtney to join our Senior class. She is marked for her studiousness and her ability to conquer difficult tasks. She is quiet and goes around trying to help her less talented classmates. We will miss your kind influence, Alice.

A very eccentric and bright miss is Hazel Davis. Her love for arguments is remarkable and we all hope some day her ambition to be a lawyer will be fulfilled. Hazel is always on the dot with her "Flivver" when any errands are to be done and we have enjoyed many rides with her.

Another member was added to our class in 1921,—Mr. Hugh Courtney, of Birch Run. He is very ambitious and his favorite subject is History. His fame is already broadcast as the reporter of Athletics in the Evening Star. We hope he will always succeed.

As the modest violet blooms unseen in the woods, yet is sought after on account of its beauty, so is it with Flora Novak an intelligent member of our group. She has won a large place in our hearts and her steady friendship is a valuable asset to us all.

Joining our ranks as a freshman in 1919, Rosalie Schrems has been one of the foremost members of the class of '23. Her elocutionary power has entertained us many times both in the study hall and on the stage. As captain and forward of the 1923 Girls' Basketball team, she has been a wonderful success.

Rosalie M. Schrems, '23

* * *

Twelve Things To Remember.

1. The value of time.
2. The success of perseverance.
3. The pleasure of working.
4. The dignity of simplicity.
5. The worth of character.
6. The power of kindness.
7. The influence of example.
8. The obligation of duty.
9. The wisdom of economy.
10. The virtue of patience.
11. The joy of originating.
12. The profit of experience.

A Fly[i]ght Into The Future.

Act I. —Scene 1.

(Scene: Reception room. A few members of the class of '23 are awaiting the arrival of one of their classmates.)

Mabel: I do hope that Catherine will soon be here. It is a quarter of seven and no sign of her yet. She does not know that you all are here tonight; I wanted to surprise her.

Floyd: Hasn't she been writing a great deal lately? Perhaps she is so absorbed in her work she has forgotten all about this engagement.

Flora: Yes, I am sure she must have forgotten, because she is always so careful about keeping appointments.

Rosalie: If Catherine knew who were here, she would drop everything and come to see us. Just think how long it is since we met. Catherine has been out in California for the past six years, and if her sister had not decided to make a visit to Michigan, she probably would still be living in Los Angeles.

Alice: Well, I have been more fortunate than the rest of you, for I have seen Catherine almost every day for the past three years. I am so glad that I had the chance to teach at the University of California. How are you getting along in the theatrical world, Floyd? What is your latest picture?

Floyd: Oh, I am having very good luck. My latest appearance is in "The Recreation of Bryan Kent." It is a first rate play, and I think it will make a hit. You know the only reason I have been successful in movies is because I do not have to speak. I never could speak before a crowd, or even before intimate friends. Do you remember the day our class in Civics had the debate?

Flora: Do we? Well, I should say so, but I think Rosalie remembers it better than any of us.

Rosalie: I surely do remember the occasion. I was the victor in the debate, was I not?

Floyd: Yes. You won, and all the boys thought it was an unfair deal because Harmon Remey was defeated.

Mabel: Flora, Grace, Alice, Catherine and I were judges, were we not?

Floyd: Yes, and you are all here present except Grace and Catherine. Flora, what are you doing now, may I inquire? Are you still teaching?

Flora: No, I am superintendent of the Detroit Schools and Rosalie is Matron of one of the largest hospitals there. If anyone falls sick

he can send for Rosalie, because as a nurse, she has been a wonderful success.

Rosalie: What do you want, Flora, a quarter? Don't ask for too much for I haven't made my fortune yet. And, Mabel, what are you doing?

Mabel: I am giving private French and English lessons to pupils who fail in their semester work. It keeps me quite busy all the time.

Alice: I wonder if Catherine is really going to show up tonight.

Rosalie: I don't know, but I hope she does come. Floyd, I remember —pardon me for again referring to the debate—how you and Arthur tried to be of assistance to Harmon that afternoon, and oh, how shaky you were when you got up to present your arguments! But I'll wager that Arthur was just as nervous as you were.

(Everybody laughs, and Floyd good naturedly joins in. A knock is heard at the door.)

Mabel: Conceal yourselves until I call you!

(Everyone leaves but Mabel. Catherine enters.)

Catherine: I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, but you see I captured a splendid idea for a character in my new book and became so enthusiastic that I forgot all else. If you forgive me this time, I'll never offend again.

(Mabel takes her wraps from her, then leaves the room, returning with the rest of the guests.)

Mabel: Didn't I tell you that I had a surprise for you? Now don't you wish you had come sooner?

Catherine: Oh, Mabel, why didn't you tell me who were going to be here? I would have dropped everything and come had I known that I was to meet Rosalie and Flora.

Floyd: She isn't one bit glad to see the rest of us.

Catherine: Oh, Floyd, you know better than that. Of course I am glad to see you, Alice, and Mabel; but it has been a long time since I saw the others.

Flora: Catherine, Mabel has been telling us how hard you are working on a book. Won't you tell us something about it? We can be critics.

Catherine: Flora, I fear I must refuse. I am rather sensitive about my work.

Rosalie: You don't need to fear. We shall be very merciful critics.

Alice: Come, Catherine, please. I have been looking to this event for a long time. Don't disappoint us.

Catherine: Very well, then, I will; but first let us repair to the Auditorium. I, too, have a little surprise for you.

ACT II.—Scene I.

(Scene: Home of Ralph Carpenter, Cashier of the Bank of New York. His wife, Grace Dwan, has just received a telegram and is reading it.)

Grace: How late they are! The telegram reads—"Will arrive at three o'clock this afternoon." They should be here now.

(Enter Ralph and Margaret)

Ralph: Here she is. I've brought her. The train was late.

Grace: Oh, how glad I am to see you, Margaret, I suppose you are tired after the trip.

Margaret: No, I'm just a bit warm. There must have been a furnace in that car somewhere. I suppose you were surprised when you heard that I was coming. How well you are looking!

Grace: I certainly can return the compliment. I was not a bit surprised that you were coming because I saw a notice of your engagement to sing at the Majestic. Let me show you to your room.

(Exit Grace and Margaret. Enter Harmon.)

Harmon: Ralph, I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but you are wanted at the bank immediately. The auditors have found a shortage of $10,000.00 Of course, I know they've made a mistake, so I wouldn't worry about it."

Ralph: Why I can't understand it, but I will go with you. I must first leave a message for my wife. (Writes note. Ralph and Harmon leave. Grace enters, sees note, reads it and begins to walk the floor, wringing her hands.)

Grace: What will happen if he can't prove his innocence? I know he has done no wrong, but sometimes the innocent suffer for the guilty. (Grace goes over and sits down and tries to knit. Soon the doorbell rings, and Father Schrems enters the room.)

Grace: Oh, Father, I am so glad you have come! We are in great trouble; there is a shortage at the bank and they think that Ralph is responsible. There's the whole situation. What would you do in a case of that kind?

Fahter Schrems: Why, Grace, I wouldn't cross the bridge before I came to it. All will be well, I am confident.

(Ralph enters, looking much depressed.)

Ralph: Good evening, Father, I'm glad that you are here for matters seem rather discouraging. I sent for Arthur DeVeaux to come. They set my bail at $10,000. Arthur, I know, will help me, because he has acquired quite a fortune since he became a dentist.

Father Schrems: I am indeed sorry, but leave your case in my hands for I am sure that I can find a way to clear you. There is a very clever lawyer who has gained fame through honest methods in

handling cases. I think I can secure this person for you. The name of this lawyer is Davis.

Ralph: You surely are a God-send, and I'll do anything that you say.

Father Schrems: I will be in to see you again tomorrow, so don't worry.

(Exit all.)

Act II—Scene 2.

(Scene: Editorial rooms. Hugh is sitting at a desk, looking over some papers. There is a knock at the door. Alphonse enters the room.)

Hugh: Why, where did you come from? I haven't seen you for ages. What are you doing now? The last time I heard of you, you were working at the Hudson Motor Company.

Alphonse: I'm still working for them, but I have been made Vice-President of the Company. I like my work very much. How are you?

Hugh: I am quite well, and am still editor of the "Evening Star." I have one of the members of the class of '23 on my staff. He's my star reporter.

Alphonse: Who is he? I've lost track of the boys of our class.

Hugh: James Keenan. You may have an opportunity of meeting him. I expect him any minute.

(James enters.)

James: Do my eyes deceive me? Is this Alphonse Holihan?

Alphonse: That's just who it is. You don't mean to say that you are a reporter for the "Star" do you?

James: Well, I am getting paid for it, whether I am worth it or not. But, Alphonse, do you remember how Sister was always scolding you for laughing whenever she called you down, or any other person was sent out of the room? I believe you could laugh at a funeral!

Alphonse: Well, I couldn't come up to you, with your arguing. You could talk an arm off a man.

Hugh: I guess you two are even now. Let's talk about something else.

Alphonse: By the way, Hugh, what has become of your curly hair? As I see it from here, it is straight. How did you ever do it?

Hugh: You know the year we were graduated from St. Mary's High School, I had the Athletic section of the "Labarum" to take care of. Well, after working on it for several days, I became exhausted and two months after school finished, I came down with brain fever. All my hair came out, and where it was curly before, became straight after it grew in.

James: Hugh, here is a dispatch which was received from England

today. I forgot to show it to you before. Read it out loud, because I think that Alphonse will be interested in it too.

(James hands a paper to Hugh, and Hugh proceeds to read it.)

Hugh: Lady Nelson? Who is she?

James: Just read the account through, and you'll know.

Hugh: All right, here goes then:

"Kind-heartedness—a beautiful word which expresses one of the most pleasing qualities of Lady Nelson. The feminine heart is naturally tender and sympathetic, easily moved to take part in the sorrows and joys of others. Ever ready to console, to infuse sweetness and happiness into the bitter lives of many, at least, as far as it lies in her power to do so. Lady Nelson has become very well known because of her charitable work. Many a poor family has her to thank for having saved them from starvation when there was sickness in the family. Lady Nelson, who before her marriage, was Miss Marian Greene of Michigan, is a daughter of Mr. Greene, "The Fish King."

Alphonse: So Marian is a slum-worker. Well, she has chosen an admirable vocation.

ACT III—Scene 1.

(Scene: Same as Scene 1 Act 2. Grace is sitting at a table writing. There is a knock at the door and Father Schrems enters.)

Father Schrems: Well, Grace, how are you feeling today? I hope that you will be able to bear up under the coming trial.

Grace: I am bearing up in the hope that Ralph may be proved innocent. Just think, he has only ten more hours in which to free himself, and if he fails—-he must go to prison.

Father Schrems: I know, Grace, that it is extremely hard, but keep up your courage.

Grace: Father, I have some news for you. You know the convent school at Newburgh, New York?

Father Schrems: Do you mean Mt. St. Mary on the Hudson? Isn't that under the supervision of the Dominican Sisters?

Grace: Yes, that is it. Ralph and I stopped there one Sunday. Who do you suppose is Mother Superior there?

Father Schrems: Why, I can't imagine. Is she a graduate of the class of '23?

Grace: Yes, she is; Dorothy Woodruff. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Immaculata.

Father Schrems: Well, I surely am glad to hear it for you can rely on Dorothy's making a success of anything she undertakes. Her prayers will be a great aid to you at the present time.

Grace: Weren't we fortunate in being able to secure Hazel for a lawyer? She has surely been a success in her profession. She has done all she can for Ralph; and Louis, as Judge, has been most

considerate. He was placed in a rather awkward position when he was given charge of Ralph's case.

(Doorbell rings. Hazel Davis, accompanied by Louis, Harmon and Arthur enter. There are warm greetings.)

Hazel: Grace, I have good news for you. Ralph is free. He has been declared innocent.

(All show their delight.)

Hazel: I know you are anxious to hear all about Ralph? Well, please let me tell the story? You know a fly is an innocent little creature, but it can cause a great deal of trouble. In this case, a fly was the cause of Ralph's predicament. On the day that Ralph was accused of being an embezzler an incident happened which has a direct bearing on this matter. The day was warm and there were several flies buzzing about the office. One lighted on Ralph's book which he instantly killed. He brushed the remains of the fly off the book and went on about his work, but in his attempt to dispose of the fly's remains he did not brush off the entire fly—a tiny leg was left on the page and that fitted in with the figures of the book and represented a "1." The four ciphers were thus converted into $10,000, and represented an enormous shortage.

Ralph: I'll never kill another fly as long as I live. I want to thank all present for their wonderful sympathy and help which has made my burden lighter.

ACT III.—Scene 3.

Floyd: Catherine, you said you had a surprise! Well, this is a regular earthquake. Explain yourself.

Catherine: Well, when I arrived in Saginaw, I thought how grand it would be to have one real reunion of our class. So I wrote and importuned this "Cast" to be my guests and they all responded. What do you think of their production? I want to thank and congratulate all who took part in the "Fly." You surely did it justice. Can anyone tell me who wrote the "Fly"? Now, Shirley, don't tell them, will you?

Shirley: No, Aunt Catherine, not if you don't wish me to tell.

Grace: Really I can't imagine.

Catherine: Just try to think. You are all personally acquainted with the author of the "Fly."

Flora: I bet I know who wrote it.

Catherine: Who?

Flora: Miss Catherine Martin.

Catherine: Yes, I wrote it, and it is my latest work. In fact the book has just been sent to press. So you all know the story of the "Fly." It is nothing but a prophecy of the class of '23.

—Catherine A. Martin, '23

Class Will.

We, the class of 1923, of the St. Mary's High School, City of Saginaw, County of Saginaw, State of Michigan, having duly appeared before the attorney whose name is duly affixed to this document, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make and declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. To our beloved Sisters, who have encouraged us untiringly through the four years of our reign, we bequeath the knowledge that through their efforts we shall be better men and women.

Sec. 2. To the Reverend Father Caldwell, we leave the memory that he has been an inspiration to us in our work and our future lives will be guided accordingly.

Sec. 3. To the School at large, we leave, aside from the traditions of our exploits, and the memory of our brilliancy after much balloting and discussion, the new piano now standing in our room that it may be an ever-present reminder of the generosity and magnanimity of the Class of 1923.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. We, as a class, bequeath our immediate successors, the estimable Juniors, our studious ability and marvelous intellect in the vain hope that they, in their last year, may creep another notch toward the goal we attained.

Sec. 2. We, to the sophisticated Sophomores, bequeath the right to hope that some day, they may be in the realms of the all powerful—The Senior Class.

Sec. 3. We, to the past Freshmen, give unrestrictedly the right to rag the incoming Freshies.

Further—We do declare, that the residue of our collective Estate be sold at public auction, and the proceeds derived from said sale be used in payment of our last illness and death.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1. We. as individuals, after much thought, bequeath the property both real and personal, as appended below, to those who are most needy; To-wit:

I, Alphonse, leave to you, Gaston (Dick Bothwell), the arduous duties of President.

I, Arthur Deveaux, bequeath to Fritz Barton, the fluency of my tongue.

I, Dorothy Woodruff, leave to Jennie Quinn the ability of arranging my famous Spit Curl.

I, Grace Dwan, leave my winning manner to Madeline Crabbe.

I, Cornie Schrems, bequeath my basketball technique to Johnnie Sullivan.

I, Margaret Bender, leave to Helen Grohman my coined phrase "I don't know, Sister."

I, Rosalie Schrems, leave to Ruth McIllvenna my gossipy and chatty ways.

I, Hugh Courtney, bequeath to Art Pendell my adventures as a reporter.

I, Floyd Banks, leave as an inheritance to Kate Henning, my pianistic ability.

I, Harmon Remey, leave to those more unfortunate than I, my ability to bluff.

I, Hazel Davis, bequeath to Marie Naegley my love of history.

I, Bud Carpenter, give to John Garey my popularity with the Fair Sex.

I, Jay Keenan, leave to Jane Stewart the sunshine of my smile.

I, Flora Novak, bequeath my neat personality to Virginia Crabbe.

I, Louis Guenin, give to George Creen my diplomacy, where the Faculty are concerned.

I, Alice Courtney, bequeath to Edward Schrems my quiet disposition.

We, Mabel O'Brien and Kitten Martin, leave our enduring friendship to Nora Humpert and Eleanore Kessel.

Furthermore, we hereby declare that this document becomes null and void, and all property and bequests shall revert to the State should any attempt, whatsoever, be made, under the excuse of our insanity or for any other reasons, to break or set aside any Article or Section as herein set forth.

We, hereby, appoint as executor of this Will and Testament, our esteemed Father Dark, in the knowledge that all bequests shall be impartially and properly carried out.

Wherefore, having declared our Last Will and Testament, all previous Wills are hereby destroyed and are of no effect.

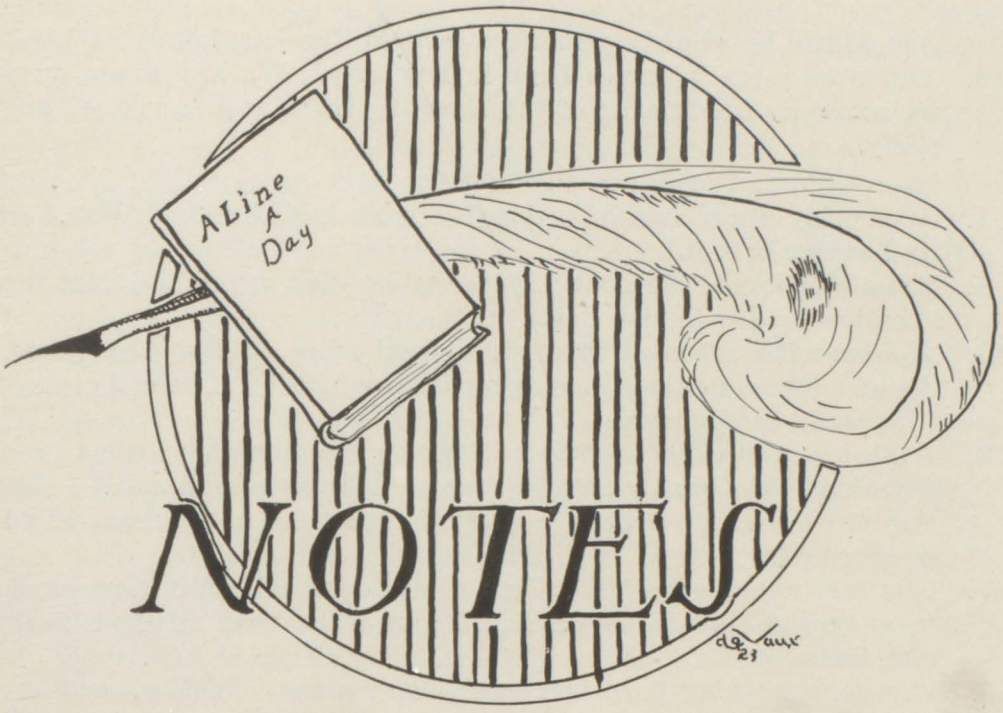
We, the Class of 1923, hereunto do fix our hand and seal this the first day of June, 1923.

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

On this, the first day of June 1923, the aforementioned Testator, the Class of 1923, having duly appeared before me and declared that this Will be executed as final, I do hereby sign name hereunto as Witnessed by the persons attested below.

Witnessed: The Faculty

Marion Green



September

5. Dear Diary: What excitement today. We again enter school. This day is one to be especially remembered, because it is the beginning of the end of our school life.
9. Distribution of tickets for the Saginaw County Fair.
20. Boys over-work practicing football.
27. A very lively Athletic Association meeting is held in the school Auditorium today. After all the members of the team have been cheered, the Reverend Father Dark speaks on the fine spirit of the High School.

October

7. The football team has hard luck in their first game of the season. The opponents, St. Peter and Paul's beat them by a score of 3-0.
12. Columbus Day! The gong interrupts Rosalie's dramatic attempt to entertain the History class with the poem, "Sail On."
13. St. Edward is appreciated greatly today, for it is Reverend Father Caldwell's feast day, and the usual holiday and distribution of candy is enjoyed by all. At the program given in Father's honor the pupils are addressed by Reverend Father Brown who is here visiting.
15. Cornelius Schrems sleeps in History Class. "Try going to bed earlier, Cornie!"
17. We leave our pleasures and turn our attention to the more serious

side of life by attending services held by the Dominican Fathers.

28. Our boys play St. James High in Bay City. We are made very welcome by the friends of the opposing team at a luncheon and party.

November

1. We surely appreciate holy days! Today is "All Saint's Day," so we have no school.
5. Class elections! We honor Alphonse Holihan by making him the President of the Senior Class.
18. We beat Mt. Pleasant today by a good score. After the game, the girls have a dainty lunch prepared. which I am sure the players greatly appreciated.
22. Labarum committee appointed. Some responsibility upon our shoulders! We hardly believe that we'll be able to stand it. The Athletic Association gives a party tonight. A very large crowd is expected.
27. The first heavy snowfall. Girls come to school with new style "over-shoes," "Radio Boots." Of course the boys all find fault with them.
28. Everyone working hard in preparation for the Thanksgiving Festival. We must congratulate Catherine and Mabel on the wonderful candy they make.
29. Seniors all come to school this morning with bags. Wonder who will eat all the doughnuts? The long-looked for Festival takes place today. Good times for all. The "Andy Gump Syncopated Orchestra" furnish the music! Congratulations boys, you're doing fine!

December

1. We return to school after Thanksgiving vacation.
5 We get our report cards today. Reverend Father Caldwell makes a slight mistake in our favor. He thinks "E" is for Excellent.
12. Poor Floyd, have patience it will come bye, and bye. Sh—the mustache!
18. Boys all wrap up in their hats, overcoats and scarfs and sit on the radiators to try to keep warm.
18. Forty Hours Devotion. All of our spare time is spent in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.
19. Everyone busy practicing for the Xmas play.
21. We have a Xmas tree in school. Art Pendell makes a real "Santa Claus." The play is a great success.
22. We wonder why everyone looks and acts so happy today, but there is a reason,—beginning of Christmas vacation!

January, 1923

2. School reopens, but only that we may get our assignments.

3. Everyone at school to get a good start for the New Year. After school we are lectured by Mr. Libby on the "Preventatives of War."
4. James Keenan in Physics class, asks for the "precepts" instead of the "forceps." We have a new classmate, Dennis Bray.
5. We play Merrill. Some game, 24-4 our favor. Receive our reports today, Father says they are improved. Let's hope so!
8. We have one session today on account of a Parent-Teachers' meeting which takes place at 2:30. The Freshies and Sophs provide sandwiches for the members.
9. Boys are all on the warpath today because they are informed that they have to be eligible to take part in any athletics.
11. Reverend Father Dark takes pity on the girls' basketball team and procures a coach for them.
12. First annual Football Hop. Everyone has a wonderful time,—decorations and music very good.
16. Girls are practicing hard at basketball as they intend playing St. Joseph's girls Friday night.
17. Reverend Father Caldwell visits the Senior Class and surprises them with a spelling match. We wonder if Harmon has learned how to spell "Ulysses."
19. Formal opening of the basketball season. Boys beat St. Peter and Paul's, while the girls win a victory over St. Joseph's. Their playing is excellent. After the games the school orchestra furnishes music for dancing.
22. A very unusual incident happens today, something entirely unexpected! Floyd and Richard come on time for school!
23. We begin our semester examinations today. Hard luck! We all have to take them—no exceptions this time.
23. Mr. Jacobs prepares to put on a minstrel show. First practice today.
24. Exams. continued. Everyone looks tired out, but brace up—schoolmates—the end is near.
25. Last of final examinations. Hurrah!
Boys beat Mt. Pleasant, but girls are beaten by Saginaw High Sophs. Brian Weadock makes his debut as yell master. Don't rush, Brian, your time is coming.
29. Resolved: That we will all start the new semester right.
31. Semester reports. We are told that we can make up for those "E's" by April first.

February

2. Play St. Andrew's and beat them by a wonderful score 59-3. "Every day and in every way we're getting better and better."
5. Nearly everyone absent today. "Flu" and "mumps" are the style.

6. Juniors and Seniors have recreation. Floyd plays, while they exercise their voices.
9. Senior boys recite poetry after school. Judging from their actions and maneuvers we really think they will make fine actors—some day.

Same old thing, we beat St. Mary's of Bay City.
12. One session today,—Parent-Teachers' Meeting at 2:30 o'clock. First night of Minstrel Show a wonderful success.
13. Members of the cast mainly absent this morning. Overworked perhaps.
14. Valentines galore. Even some of the High School Students keep up their childhood customs.
15. Girls get a real treat. Good-looking boys come from Grand Rapids to visit school, and incidently to beat our boys in basketball.
19. Seniors and Juniors have their first "daily exercise." Poor Louis is all tired out.
20. Practising hard for a program to be given next Friday by the Seniors.
21.. We play North Intermediate. The boys beat, but, well we don't have to tell you the rest.
22. Reverend Father Caldwell being a real patriot gives us the afternoon off.

What would she do if she were not in style!—Dorothy bobs her hair.
23. Seniors present a program based on Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Congratulations.
26. More poetry after hours for Seniors.
27 Boys play DeMolay—Beat them.

March

1. Floyd and Arthur provide lunch for the Seniors,—Sister is out of the room.
2. First Friday of month. Nearly everyone receives Holy Communion this morning.
4. Boys play St. Peter and Paul's and again beat them—14-16.
5. Say, you won't know us when we finish taking our daily exercises.
6. Seniors have a discussion, "Should women be in Congress?" Ask Art, he knows.
8. Louis Guenin decides that the influence of liquor gave Poe many inspirations!
9. The girls drive to Mt. Pleasant to witness the boys' game. Roads are terrible.
12. Parent-Teachers' Meeting. We wonder what the parents think of our "daily exercises."
13. We all come to school holding our sides and complaining of our

aches and pains. Too much exercise yesterday. We play Mt. Pleasant. Really it is getting monotonous saying the same thing over and over—we beat.

16. Debate between Rosalie and Harmon. Decided in favor of Rosalie.

16. Important and enthusiastic rally, Reverend Father Reardon addresses us.

16. We start getting "Ads" for the Labarum.

Another exciting game, we play St. James and beat them.

19. St. Joseph's Day, Father gives us the afternoon off, we surely appreciate it. Our Principal is in Grand Rapids, we all miss her. The women of the parish banquet both of the basketball teams. It certainly was thoughtful of them, and the teams enjoy it very much.. .....

21. First day of spring, every one has the spring fever. The pupils in the grades are vaccinated; a few of the Senior boys think that they would like the idea but when the time comes they are too bashful.

22. It makes one feel wonderful; What? Well, we're the Valley Champions now, beating St. Mary's of Bay City. We are all glad to have Reverend Father Reardon speak to us again, he certainly wished us good luck.

23. We all love Physics class so much that we prefer washing windows to reciting our lesson, so we all get cloths and keep busy the whole period. We beat Saginaw High.

April

3. We start school after our Easter vacation, every one is happy, the reason must be, because we beat Holy Redeemer during vacation.

4. Seniors are getting tired of their job. Getting "ads" isn't as much fun as you think it is.

5. The girls decide to walk to Detroit, the boys play there Friday. Really they did get everyone excited.

6. Our luckiest day of the season, we win the game at Detroit and make ourselves State Champions.

10. The Juniors make Junket Pudding in Chemistry class. Guess they are trying to tempt us.

11. We receive our report cards and I think that they must please the Dean because he gave each of the boys on the team a bill, (don't know how much) for making themselves known as State Champs.

12. The African Missionary, Reverend Father O'Rourke, speaks to the High School pupils, trying to persuade them to go back to the Jungles with him.

13. We are wondering whether we should go with him or not.

17. Extra! Extra! Just think one of the biggest talkers came from

church this morning without saying a word.

18. Our first annual basketball hop;

    It certainly was a unique affair,
    The collection of beauty was exceedingly rare;
    Louis Guenin made a hit with the girls,
    With his rosy cheeks and golden curls.

19. We should not have school today. Too much enjoyment last evening.
20. Catherine Martin faints; hard luck for you kitten, but good luck for us! No shorthand!
23. We have two candidates working for May queen at the K. of C. Fair. They are working awfully hard.
25. We play our first baseball game of the season. Saginaw High beats us. Poor start but we always end well.
26. Seniors have their pictures taken. We are all disappointed. Sh! they do not flatter us.
27. We have our pictures taken again,—the Physics class, and our High School taking daily exercises.
    Debate between F. Barton, E. Sager, D. Kimball and J. Houlihan. Dick and Jim win.
30. Nearly everyone on time for Mass today, "there's a reason."

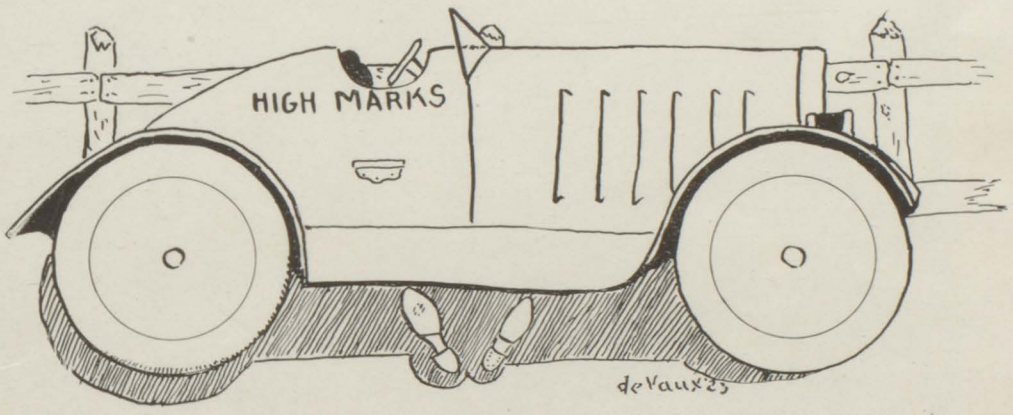
May

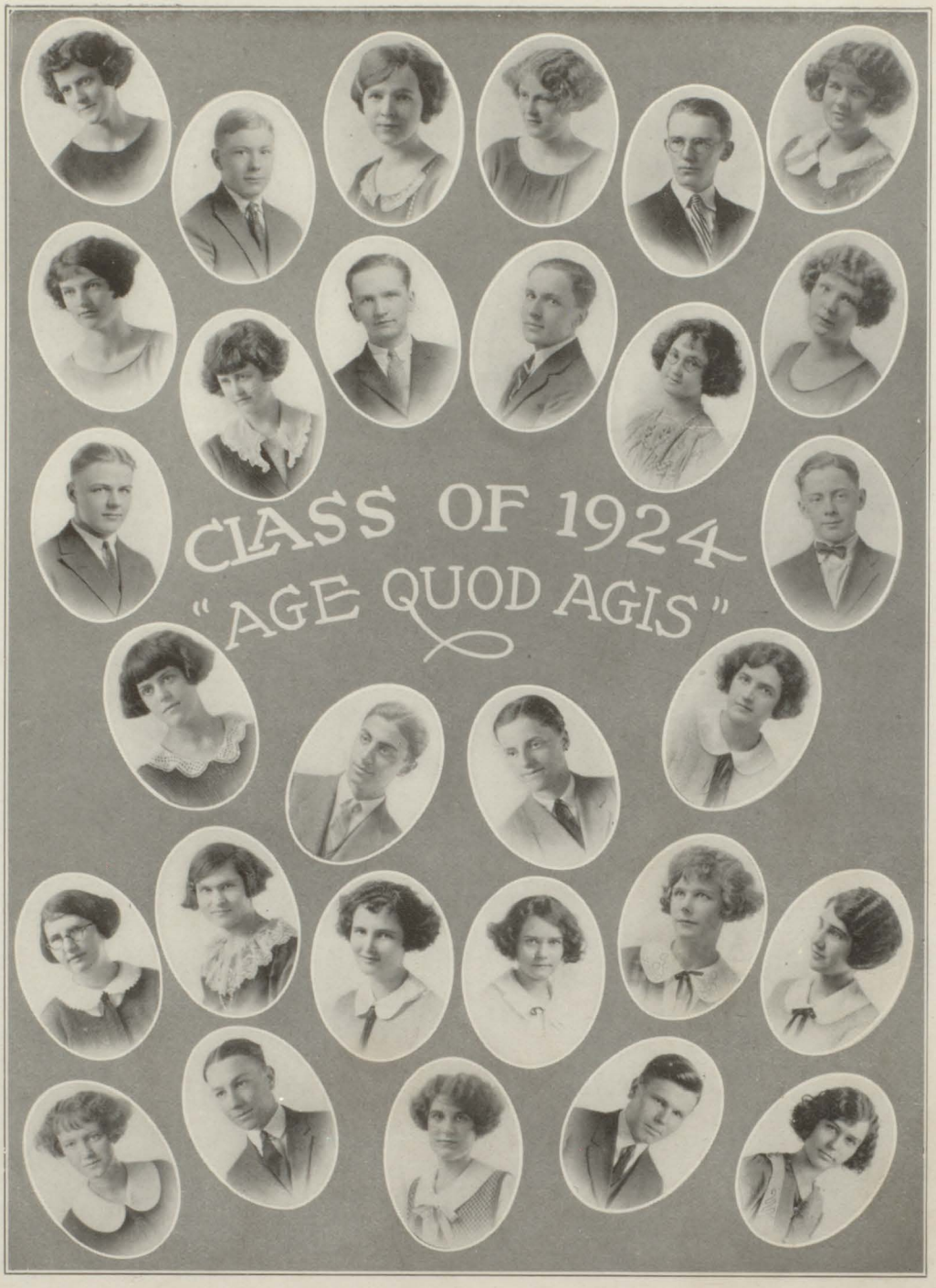
1. Dorothy Woodruff and Margaret Bender make their debut on roller skates. (Getting childish.)
2. Our resolutions for being on time for Mass have been kept so far.
3. Freshies have their pictures taken; "See the birdies."
. The baseball team plays St. Andrew's, we beat.
7. We are notified that Sister Callista is very sick.
9. Our beloved Sister M. Callista dies.

    The Seniors extend their sincerest sympathy to the Sisters and relatives.

14. On account of the good reputation of our school, the School Inspector from Ann Arbor leaves us until last for examination. He is treated royally at the parent-teachers' meeting.
16. We are all working very hard trying to put the "Labarum" out.
17. Girls form campaign to try to get even with the boys, let's hope they succeed.
18. Everyone gets up at four o'clock to see the circus come in but—well, it didn't get into town till 9:00. Eyelids are drooping.
21. Reverend Father McClorey, S. J., lectures on "Culture and Religion. Would that you might visit us again, Father.
24. Why the "long Jeans" today, Naegley and Jacobs? Circus day is passed.
25. Good Bye, dear Diary. We are going to press.

JUNIORS




CLASS OF 1924
"AGE QUOD AGIS"

Class of 1924.

RICHARD D. BOTHWELL ..... President
ROSE MARY WILSON ..... Vice President
KATHRYN M. HENNING ..... Secretary
ARTHUR C. PENDELL ..... Treasurer

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gold

CLASS MOTTO

"Age quod agis"

CLASS FLOWER

Sweet Pea

Thomas Edward Bannan
Francis Lawrence Baumgarten
Richard Downey Bothwell
Ruth Ann Buckley
Madeline Marie Crabbe
Mary Jane DeVeaux
Carl Louis DeWaele
Mary Elizabeth Delaney
Mildred Bianche Delaney
Beatrice Josephine Fettig
Kathryn Margaret Henning
Anna Margaret Holihan
Mary Nora Humpert
Victor Louis Jacob
Margaret Mary Kenny
Eleanor Mary Kessel
Catherine Elizabeth Mott
Ruth Aleene McIlvenna
John Joseph Moskal
Mary Edwina Naegley
Theresa Neff
Arthur Charles Pendell
Genevieve Maxine Quinn
Robert Maddigan Rau
Vincent Mathias Robel
Charles Toynton Schlegel
Marie Wilhelmina Slaggert
Rose Mary Wilson
Alice Mildred Wolohan

Columbus—First Prize Essay.

Rose Mary Wilson.

The liberator of a race! The man whose unshakable faith in his idea and in his purpose, whose invincible courage and very perseverance raised him above the ranks of his fellowmen,—to that "man above men,"—to Columbus, the Discoverer of America, we, as true Americans offer in mute tribute, our homage and respect.

Columbus! I called him the "liberator" of a race. I meant just that. Did he not trust his ships, his life, the lives of his comrades, all that was dear to him, unconditionally, without reservation, to the dangers and perils of the open, treacherous sea! Yes, and more than that. By his bold determination and by that alone he overcame the obstacles, each and every one that blocked his way to success, and carried all mankind along in his wake to a bigger, better, broader life.

What a model, yea, what a mold upon which to fashion our own lives! Columbus risked all for the success of his idea, endured much that he might triumph in his enterprise. Why cannot we, then, scorn popular opinion, turn a deaf ear to derisive contempt, even veiled insults of the fickle world, as he did, and live our own lives, in our own way, and thereby achieve success!

This man, whose very environment, (that which in all men contributes so much to make or mar) was enough to retard his victory, because of his indomitable will, his unconquerable tenacity, after years of struggle, proved victorious and reached the very pinnacle of the ladder of success. What a spur this should be to us, who lag behind in the race for existence, in the teeming battle of life! Up then, and on, as Columbus! Throw aside discouragement, be ever ready to try and try again. Strengthen and bolster up the weak points in our armour, as he, in his plans, by his perseverance and immovable persistence. Truly his motto seems to have been, "Never despair, never let go!"

Imagine what it must have meant to this proud Genoese Sailor to be forced to wander for years from place to place—ridiculed and derided—pleading, almost begging, that he might be granted the opportunity to carry out the dream of his life! How much easier it would have been for him to relinquish his purpose and settle into a life of peaceful and quiet comfort. Yet, did he do it, did he allow himself to do it? No! a thousand times no! Having formulated his plans, he set out to find a way to attain his object.

Thus it has been with all great men in history; they do not wait for success to single them out and beckon to them. They go forth and

conquer. They strike out for victory and obtain—"victory." With this, come fame, honor, applause from all the world, but mingling with all this renown, little murmurs and whispers of doubt gradually gain volume until the success of the person is questioned. So it was with Columbus.

After he had struggled for innumerable years, after devoting his entire life to his mission, after he had really achieved success, some have dared to question his right to the title, "Discoverer of America." We do not belittle, still less do we deny, that the Norseman touched upon America. We might hail Eric the Red and his followers as pioneers in what might be termed coasting voyages of discovery. But the story of America gained as little from these shadowy and abortive voyages as civilization gained from their fruitless results.

So to Don Cristobel, native of Genoa, the first to cut loose from one continent to another and to steer boldly across an unknown sea, should we render the highest honor. It is to his supreme merit that he was the first to set out on this action, and although others may have the same idea, although they may have spent untold eons of time developing it, because he was the first to act, because he was the man who actually discovered the link between the old world and the new, we owe to him in all justice and generosity, the title, "Discoverer of America." It was his deed, his achievement, not merely an empty dream, that made his name immortal in the history of the world.

* * *

Columbus—Second Prize Essay.

By Ruth McIlvenna.

"He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On ! Sail On !"

On this the birthday of America, what greater tribute or what greater homage could we, as true Americans, pay to the memory of the discoverer of our country than to study anew his wonderful career, his years of struggling and striving, his privations and hardships, which were eventually conquered by his indomitable will and undaunted resolve and which resulted in that crowning triumph of his life. "The Discovery of America."

The life of Columbus was a series of constant efforts and struggles to overcome the obstacles and prejudices which loomed in his way, but confidence in himself and faith in his enterprise triumphed, and by his patience and perseverance he finally succeeded in interesting the Spanish sovereigns in his project and in 1492 his tiny fleet of three ships

left the port of Palos on that momentous voyage. That its results would be so far reaching was never dreamed.

Aided by the grace of God and by the strength of his own character, Columbus conquered every difficulty and after days of sailing in that unknown waste of waters, land was reached,—a land destined to attain the pinnacle of civilization and Christianity.

That first island sighted by the explorer was named San Salvador —Holy Savior—and the royal standard of Spain was implanted on its sod. Numerous other islands, including Cuba and San Domingo, were visited before he returned to Spain. When Columbus arrived at Palas he was received with the greatest demonstration of joy for "just seven months and seven days has passed since he had departed into regions of the unknown and out of those mysterious regions he brought the wonderful tidings of a new-found world." The gratitude of the Spanish monarch was effusive; at Barcelona Columbus was given a royal reception amid great pomp and pagentry.

The following years were also spent in exploring but the navigator's good fortune began to forsake him and he finally became a victim to the intrigues of vicious men who, envious of his fame and dignities, did everything in their power to effect the ruin of his character. Only too well did they succeed, for the great achievement he accomplished for mankind and the intellectual effort behind it were rewarded by chains and fetters and Columbus, worn out by the injustice of it all, died in poverty and disgrace, showing only too truly that

"Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But seen too near, give neither heat nor light."

Little further can be said concerning Columbus that would augment the unequalled fame and glory he has already received, nevertheless, his noble traits of character and the good he has performed for mankind place him above even a Caesar or an Alexander—"His was a master intellect among men."

It will be impossible to ever repair the wrong committed, when, by one of the most gigantic frauds in history, America received the name of him who was not her first discoverer, and Columbus was deprived of that lasting memorial to his triumph.

Therefore, let us on this the anniversary of that triumph acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude we owe Columbus, by adopting as our standard that which through all the ages has been the keynote of success, that motto of Columbus.

"On, Sail On !"

My European Trip.

Many and varied were my thoughts as I sped with mother on my way to New York. Often in fancy had I pictured how delightful it would be to see with my own eyes and tread with my own feet, Old World places of interest that I had read about in leisure moments. But always I would come back to the stern reality that a great ocean intervened and that but few of my age are even privileged to cross its wide expanse to view the sites of epoch-making action. Now in my Junior year, my boyhood wishes were suddenly realized. Surely fortune had smiled on me.

Our first port of call was Ponta Delgada, Azures. We viewed these very picturesque isles for a day before leaving for Lisbon. Lisbon is a beautiful city containing some magnificent homes. From these we went to Algiers, passing the historic rock of Gibralter at dusk Algiers contains one of the most beautiful botanical gardens in the world.

Pyraeus, the seaport of Athens, was our next stop. We took a machine and drove from there over a long and shaded boulevard to Athens, thence to the Acropolis, which is situated on the summit of a hill in the midst of the city. We visited all the old ruins there and took many pictures. There is a wonderful view from this hill, the city of Athens being stretched out before you, with the old church of St. George on an opposite hill. Did I dream in my Freshman year when deep in the study of Ancient History that I would one day see these very places.

A few days later we arrived at Beirut, our final port. It is a very old city—the nucleus of many beautiful drives throughout the country to all the places of interest. We hired a car from Beirut for Tripoli and what a driver we secured! He ran fifty miles per hour over mountain roads lined on one side with solid rock, while on the other side was a clear drop of over one hundred fifty feet into the valley below. Up and down mountains, on hairpin turns over bridges, culverts and canyons—all like the speedway to him! When he would come to a clear stretch he would open up from sixty to sixty-five miles.

From Tripoli to Hasroun is a distance of some four miles as the crow flies, but perhaps thirty over the winding mountain road. The roads again! Winding along the edge of a precipice, twisting and turning, while every once in awhile could be seen the lights of the villages below as through the clouds! Just one skid from this high eminence and an inevitable Eternity.

I cannot turn from Hasroun without a word about my Father's home. From the balcony one could just see the distant ocean through a cleft in the winding mountains. The view from this balcony was wonderful! A pretty creek flowed through the garden and down into the valley, forming with other small streams beautiful water falls in its rush down its deep descent.

We took a car out to Baalbok, an old ruined city which rivals Athens in historical interests. From there we journeyed on to Jerusalem and the Holy Land where we spent a week. Again what wondrous thoughts surged through my mind! To actually walk over the ground trodden by our thorn-crowned Savior! To traverse the route He had followed in His journey to Calvary ! Truly I felt myself a privileged character.

Three months later we set sail for home again by way of Marseilles, where we stopped for two weeks and traveled through southern France along the Riviera. France contains many beautiful churches, among them Notre Dame de la Garde, which is one of the most famed churches in southern Europe. We also saw the Chateau d'If, which rivals the famous Bastille of Paris in the number of unjustly condemned prisoners it has held.

From Marseilles we journeyed to Naples, stopping on the way at Nice and Monte Carlo. From Naples we took a train to Vesuvius, one of Europe's largest volcanoes. We also saw Pompeii and its very interesting ruins. Bulwer Lytton's famous account of the destruction of Pompeii will now seem more realistic. Palermo was our next stop. One of the suburbs, Monreale, contains one of Europe's most beautiful churches. It was Holy Thursday when we arrived and we attended the Bishop's services. We slao visited the Catacombs there that contain eight thousand mummies, in a perfect state of preservation. We pass Gibralter again on Easter Sunday morning, and after a very interesting, but rather stormy trip, we again landed in our own United States.

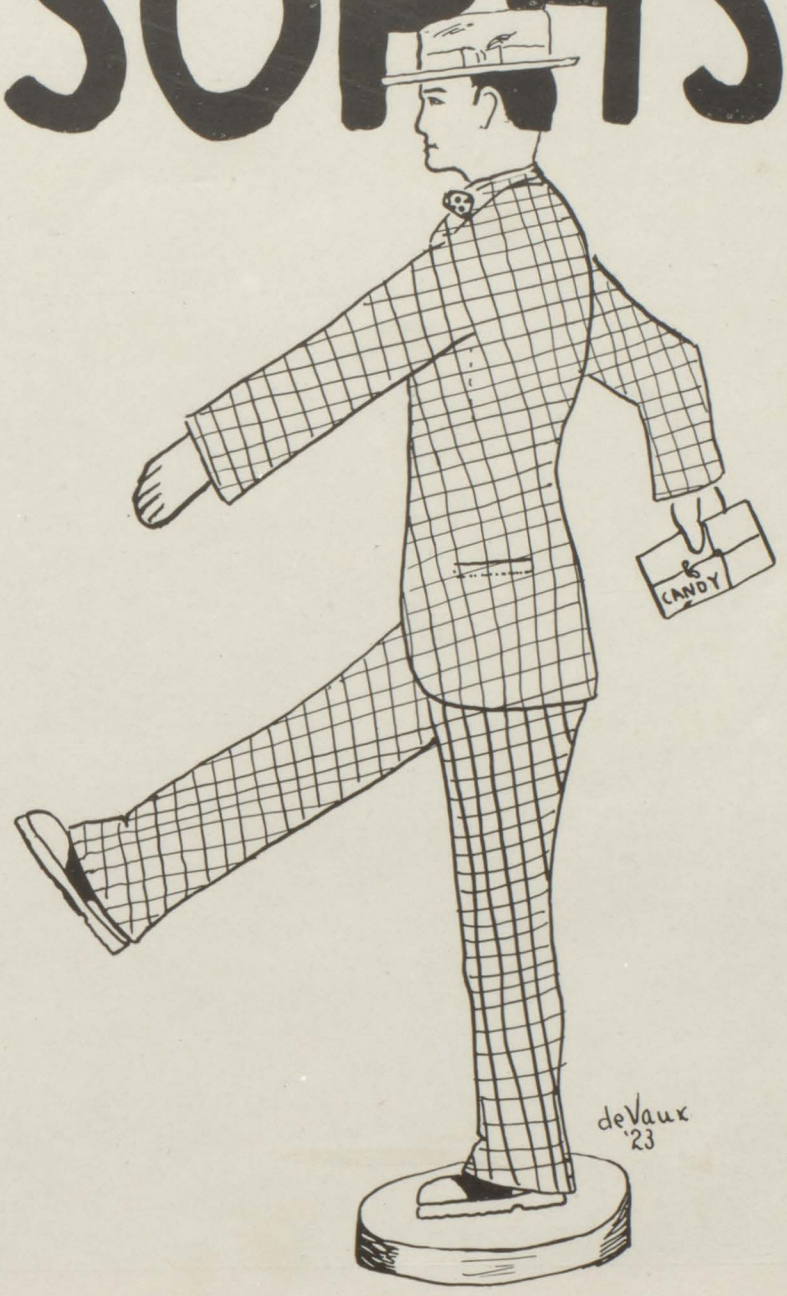
Victor L. Jacobs, '24.

* * *

"Youth fades, love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
A Mother's secret hope outlives them all."

—O. W. Holmes

SOPHS



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Columbus—Third Prize Essay:

"Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America." What greater tribute can be paid to any man than to have such a glorious appelation. We may build monuments in his honor as the discoverer of America; we may name cities after him; but his title penetrates the darkest parts of this country where monuments are unheard of. There is only one thing to mar the brilliance of his eminent and famous name and that is, the name "America" was given our country instead of Columbia or some other in honor of Columbus, for then, indeed, would his name be immortal for though man is fickle and weak, and the deeds and names of great men have sunk into obscurity and even oblivion, the name of our country can never be erased from the pages of history.

Four hundred and thirty years ago the golden land of Spain sent forth from her shores a tiny fleet of three sailing vessels under the command of that illustrious adventurer, Christopher Columbus, who guided these frail barks and inspired by science and by faith, doubted not that a world would ere long emerge before him from the apparently boundless waters. But weeks passed and the superstitious sailors, their spirits dampened by the memories of the wierd, horrible tales told in their homelands of the monsters and beasts which inhabited these waters, clamored to return to the shores of Europe. Christopher Columbus sublime in the confidence with which his exalted nature inspired him, was still firm and undaunted in his purpose. I think that one great trial of Columbus must have been to have to master alone the scum of the byways and prisons which the king of Spain had given him as sailors. His great devotion to his faith and his indomitable will, however, triumphed, for on the night of the eleventh of October, land was sighted to the eastward and amid great rejoicing a banner was planted in the soil of San Salvador in the name of God and the King. The glad tidings were carried homeward and even the winds seemed most favorable in aiding the fearless navigator to reach Spain.

Three other voyages followed and the new world, like the Hebrew's promised land, seemed to hold in its ample lap all the riches of the old world. However, remarkably strange though it is, the discoverer of this great Eden received not an atom of honor or praise and on his fourth voyage he was put in irons and imprisoned in one of the cells of the fortress at San Domingo charged with imaginary crimes. The dignity with which Columbus conducted himself in these emergencies has won the admiration generally even of his enemies. After a captivity of some duration, at the age of seventy-nine, he was taken back to

Spain and borne off the ship on a litter, worldweary, only to learn that his true friend, Queen Isabella, had died and so the great navigator, Christopher Columbus, passed away not knowing of the great new world he had discovered, believing that he had benefited mankind by the finding of a shorter route to the West Indies. He died a martyr to science and to the project of bearing Christ over the waters.

We cannot help but marvel at the patient perseverance with which the great philosopher followed out his convictions. He possessed a copiousness of ideas and a fluency of words, that convinced even the incredulous nobles of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. Thus, the discoverer of our country like another Moses on the border of the land of promise, brushed away as cobwebs all obstacles either religious or superstitious that conflicted with scientific truth. And so with Italy the land of his birth; with Spain the land of his adoption; with the other nations of the globe who are debtors to his daring, we gladly swell the universal chorus in his honor as the discoverer of America, the greatest of all countries,—our own country!

Helen M. Lesperance, '25

* * *

An Interpretation of the Speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony.

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

Si wuz asittin' on his porch one warm afternoon, tellin' me bout his boy away to the city school. He tells me as how his boy is in the tenth Grade, and how one day he comes home and wuz tellin' his paw he wuz areadin' a play called Julius Caesar. By the by, Jake, I gotta ticket for the show up to the opry house next Tuesday, want one? Wal, as I wuz sayin', Si sez to me, 'bout how much his son knew 'bout this play; he sez he knew by heart an argyment a feller named Brutus and another feller named Antony had about wether this Brutus should a killed this Julius Caesar or not.

First Brutus gets up and sez as how it wuz rite to kill this Caesar cuz he wuz ambitious. I don't see as how it's a sin to be ambitious. He sez how he wuz Caesar's friend and then he asts, is there anybody in the audyence more of a friend than him, and nobody stood up. That's not a very good way for a friend to act, thinks I.

Then he gits down and Antony gits up and sez something 'bout friends and countrymen, lend me your ears. I donno why he wants their ears anyway. Kin you imagine a feller borrowin' ears? He sez

as how he was Caesar's friend too, and as how Caesar bro't lots o' captives home and how he wuz gonna give him a crown three times, and he didn't take it. Gosh, I'll say I would'a took it! I read as how a crown was a lotta money in England in one of those cyclopedies I got. And all thru this, this feller Antony kept saying as how Brutus said this and as how Brutus wuz an honorable man. Sounded kinder sarcastic like to me. Then he sez as how he thinks everybody's losing their reason. Then he gits real sad and sez as how his heart's in the coffin with Caesar; seems to me he'd lost his reason too.

Then when Si gits done talkin' 'bout argyment, he sez to me, "Them schools is a fine thing, Hank," he sez, "You otta send you boy to one." "I guess I will, too, if you learn 'bout things like that in all of 'em."

Edward L. Sager, '25.

* * *

A Tragedy In History.

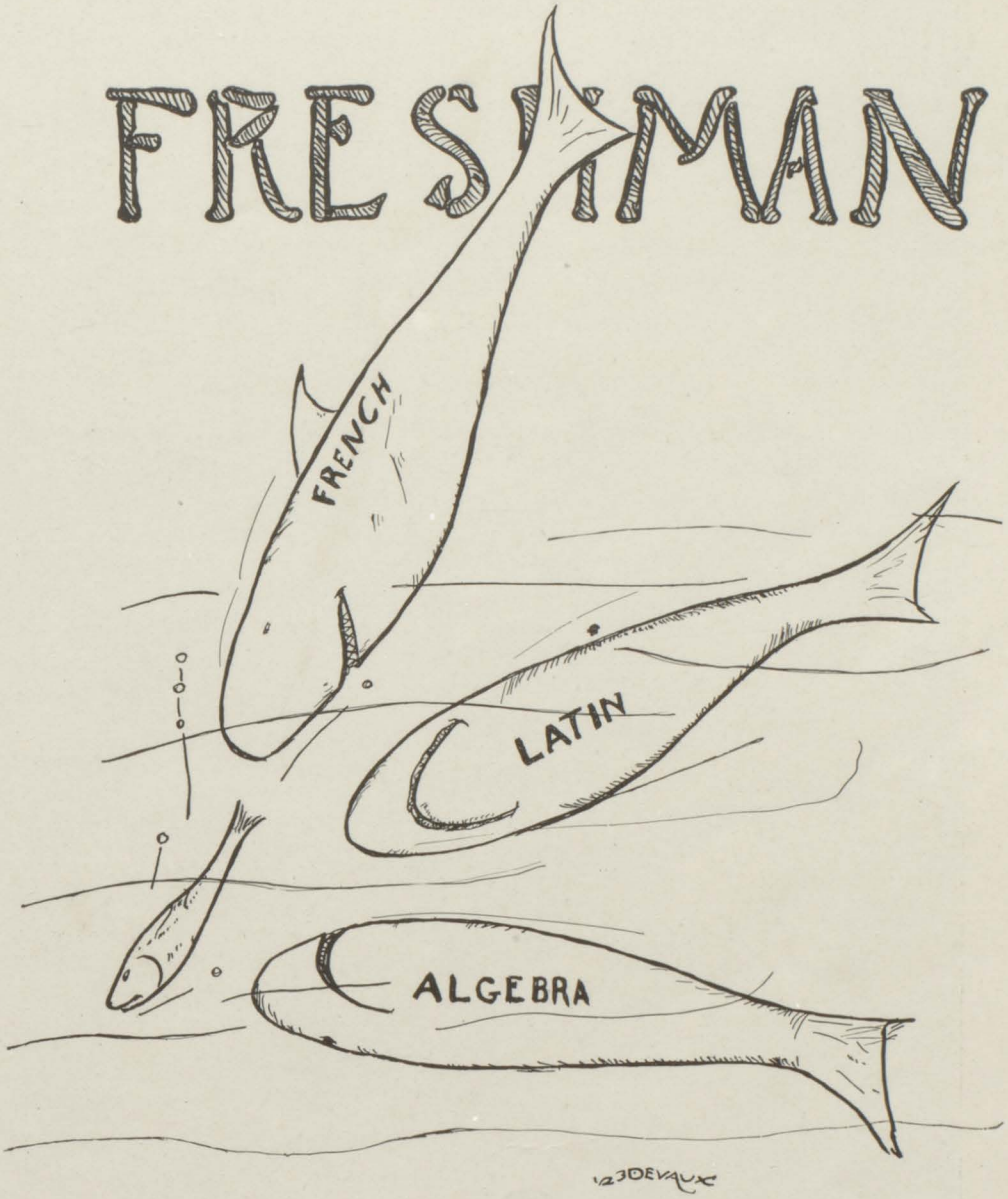
Rome was peaceful.
Rome was beautiful.
Rome was glorious.

Then—the sun became blotted—men saw red—terror was in the air—because death—Caesar's death—the death of a great man by his friend—the death of one of the greatest men of all times—meant bloodshed—rebellion—War!

—HISTORY REPEATS—

Eighteen centuries afterwards in a new land, the United States, a great man had triumphed, he had preserved the Union. Abraham Lincoln was happy in his own way over his great victory and the whole country was shouting and praying for him because of his great deed, but—could it be? Shot by an assassin? Impossible ! ! Yet; it was true; the great Lincoln, the kind, the honest, the lovable, was dead—gone to his forefathers when his country needed him most. As Brutus stabbed Caesar thinking him his country's enemy, so did the South stab Lincoln, her friend.

Alfred J. Bender, '25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Edward Joseph Sullivan
Albertus Schrems
Edward Schrems
Joseph Bernard Schmaezle
George William Weadock
George Edward Ward

Egypt, The Land of Mystery.

Egypt! What recollections the word calls to mind! Visions of slow-moving caravans; of hot, burning sands; of old, mysterious temples; of towering Pyramids; and of the Nile, the center of Egyptian life, trade, and intercourse.

Egypt is well called the "Gift of the Nile" for the Nile is the very life-blood of Egypt. Without this river, Egypt would be nothing but a barren desert instead of furnishing bounteous crops of wheat and cotton to the world.

For years little was known of the life of the early Egyptians. Some knowledge was gleaned from the writings of Herodotus—the Greek Historian, and Manetho—an Egyptian priest. Greek and Roman legends also furnished some rather legendary lore but this was changed by the discovery, at the mouth of the Nile, of the famous Rosetta Stone, the key to the Egyptian language.

For centuries Egypt has lain dormant, steeped in ignorance, idolatry, and superstition. It is only in recent years since she became independent of Turkey that the veil of her past glories has been lifted to explorers, research workers, and scientists, who for years labored to discover the tombs and hidden wealth of the dead Pharaohs. The Egypt of today, when compared to the Egypt of the past, seems but a shadow of its former self. Truly, Egypt is a degenerate nation when compared with the land of yester-years. Today the eyes of the world are focused upon Egypt because of the recent discovery, made by Lord Carnavon and Howard Carter, of the tomb of King Tutankhamen. Much excitement followed this discovery because of the wonderful array of gold, silver, ivory, and ebony articles that the hitherto sealed tomb has yielded. These treasures had been stored up for centuries by the long line of ruling Pharaohs and finally buried with Tutankhamen in order that he might have them in the "after life." These articles throw considerable light upon the manner of living in those days.

The old Testament contains numerous references to Egypt, the history of the Jewish people being closely interwoven with its own. Joseph's brethren were well aware of the obscurity and possible degradation to which they condemned their father's favorite son when jealous hatred prompted them to sell Joseph to a band of Egyptian traders. How that son rose to a position of wealth and influence, eventually becoming the salvation of his family, forms one of those many Bible stories that read like a romance. The enslavement of the Jewish people, their ultimate escape from their pagan tyrants, the drowning of Pharaoh and his followers in the sea when he sought to recapture

God's chosen people—all these incidents are well known to him who reads his Scripture. Even in our Lord's time Egypt was still the land of dread, and no greater sacrifice could have been demanded of Mary's virgin spouse, than God required when He sent the Holy Family into temporary exile far from their home and people.

These events will ever hold for the Christian a fascination which shall endure even after the much talked of "King Tut" and his splendors are forgotten and the fashions which have taken shape from the Egyptian vogue have been relegated to an inevitable obscurity.

Joseph Remey, '26

* * *

The Coming of Spring.

The last long streaks of snow have disappeared, and a beautiful maiden comes dancing upon the hills. Her floating hair is of golden hue borrowed from sunbeams which encircle her brow. Her eyes like bits of the blue, blue sky are reflected on lake and brook deeply margined with starry primroses. Her cheeks are pink as the seashell, her breath like the breath of kine. The fair damsel is robed in garments of fresh, soft green, decked here and there with the shimmering sheen of the sparkling streamlet. On her feet are the daintiest of sandals; in her arms she carries a sheaf of silvery pussy willows and yellow catkins.

She stands for a moment looking at the valley below, then with a light touch releases the brook from the icy hands which had held it fast during the long cold days of winter. The brook, with a joyful shout, goes merrily on its way, leaping over pebbles and stones, laughing, gurgling, and singing with the joy of its new-found freedom.

As the lovely maiden trips lightly along, the tender blades of grass spring up from beneath her feet, while in the wake of her trailing garments come the fragrant arbutus, the modest violet, the delicate spring beauty, and the golden buttercup.

Gentle lambkins can be seen grazing in the clover enameled meadows. From the neighboring marshes, the bullfrog croaks his welcome to the newtide of the year. Flitting in the bright sunlight is the first white butterfly of the season, while against the azure of the sky whole flocks of feathered fowl returning from the South look like so many white sails against the deep blue of the ocean. The robin and the lark, the wren and the goldfinch have taken up their abode in their summer houses, so all birdland is rich with the melody of these feathery songsters. The sun in his fiery chariot rides his majestic course sending streamers of crimson light, and a glow of warmth to all nature.

When our all-loving Father sends his hand-maid Spring to earth all nature rejoices and man joins in the jubilation, showing to his Creator his appreciation, his hopefulness, his cheerfulness, his good will, for

"Everything is happy now
Everything is upward striving—
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for the grass to be green and the skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living."

Dorothy E. Mooney, '26

* * *

Soliloquy of A Hard Working Junior.

Methinks 'tis time to protest, yea even to follow in the footsteps of ye exalted labor unions, and refuse to spend priceless, valuable time in study, which is truly of small momentum and of little importance in the busy life of a much rushed Junior.

Books! Bah!! The very sight of a book leaves me in a state of nervous exhaustion. At the mention of a geometry I am haunted for hours by the known terrors of its detestable propositions and hated theorems.

Little does the happy carefree Freshman realize, when he gazes in awe (may I use the term?) at an apparently contented-looking Junior treading the worn path to arduous duty, that he is merely putting up a brave front, so to speak; and for the sake of encouraging those hopeful aspirants—the sophs, we present to our immediate world and to those interested or disinterested, a seemingly happy-go-lucky, free and easy air, but listen to one--who--knows!!

Look closer and you will see an ever-present look of actual worry on the, to all appearances, serene features of a near-Senior. Listen attentively to their words of wisdom and understand that a person unencumbered by care could never give expression to such sage, experienced advice, and know conclusively that to a Junior alone, because of his inevitable, daily grind of English, French, and (horrors) Geometry, will his bold bluff of seeming wiseness ever become known.

And now, I, because I am one of that unfortunate species, must close this rebellious tirade and hasten on to do the bidding of relentless duty; but one more note of warning!! Remember Ye who will soon, fortunately or unfortunately, rise one rung farther on the ladder of education and step into the shoes of some luckless Juniors, life is not one round of pleasure, of dances, of fun! No! Far from it! It is an endless routine of work and study with few, very few moments of fun.

Ah! Poor Juniors!!

A General Communion.

I saw the throng, so deeply separate,
Fed at one only board—
The devout people, moved, intent, elate,
And the devoted Lord.

Oh struck apart! not side from human side,
But soul from human soul,
As each asunder absorbed the multiplied,
The ever unparted whole.

I saw this people as a field of flowers,
Each grown at such a price
The sum of unimaginable powers
Did no more than suffice.

A thousand single central daisies they,
A thousand of the one;
For each, the entire monopoly of day;
For each, the whole of the devoted sun.

—Alice Meynell

SISTER M. CALLISTA, O. S. D.

In Memoriam

Sister M. Callista. O. S. D.

Born May 6, 1892—Died May 9, 1923

'Twas May—earth budded forth anew,
A human soul was ushered into life,
While everything was joyous, all that grew
Joined in a merry, tuneful strife
Greeting the new-born soul.

And every May the Mother of Our Lord
Let slip a bead and breathed a blessing rare
Upon Her child, and graces ever poured
Upon her soul—the chosen one, and fair—
The Spouse-elect of Heaven.

Then Mary called her to Her royal feet,
Showed her the Cross—the veil—the threefold bands,
Them did the child of Heaven exultant greet.
Counting the cost, she stretched out eager hands
And so—was crucified.

Elect of a Preacher's House, she fain would preach
Her Love by word and work, e'en as she went
Her daily path from Convent home to teach
Some reverent stood, deeming her Heaven-sent,
The veiled of God.

'Twas May! Her work was done, Our Lady smiled
As bending close to earth She whispered low:
"My Sister, come! God waits for you, My child;
Your chaplet is all said, the Aves slow
Like roses bloom around your maiden head."

Parent-Teacher Organization.

On October 10, 1922, a Parent-Teacher Association was organized. Its immediate aim is to bring home and school into closer relationship; to educate parents to their obligations toward the education of their children; to co-ordinate education in the home and the school and so weld them into unity.

It is through an organization of this kind that the teachers are given an opportunity to meet and keep in touch with the parents of their pupils which is of paramount importance as it serves to bring about sympathetic feelings without which the best results cannot be obtained.

At this meeting on October 10, Mrs. Leo Weadock acted as chairman for the day, and the following officers were elected by ballot for the school year of 1922-1923:

President	Mrs. Winthrop Dailey
Vice President	Mrs. James Shea
Secretary	Mrs. Frank Lappin
Treasurer	Mrs. James P. Devereaux

As soon as feasible our president appointed the following committees:

Mrs. William Jahnke, chairman of the Welfare Committee

Mrs. James Lesperance, chairman of the Membership Committee

Mrs. Maurice Houlihan, chairman of the Entertainment Committee

Mrs. Fred Ruckert and Mrs. A. O. Wagner in charge of the refreshments.

This Association through the Welfare Committee has paid especial attention to the health conditions of the school and the pupils, having under its supervision the weighing of the children each month and the apportioning of milk and wafers to the children of underweight.

The entertainment committee has featured many interesting and pleasing programs during the year, and refreshments have been served at each of the meetings.

The Association has been the means of securing many interesting and instructive speakers. Noted among them were: Mrs. Glover Gage, who dwelt upon the purpose and accomplishments of Parent-Teacher Organizations; Ex-Judge of Probate, Arthur Ganschow, who spoke on child delinquency; Dr. DeKleine, who set forth the duties of the Health Department, of which he is the head; Mr. Cook, who emphasized the necessity of voting; Reverend Father O'Rourke, whose topic was Africa, its geography, customs, and missionary work; Rev-

erend John McClorey, S. J., of the University of Detroit, who held his enthusiastic audience spellbound with his timely subject, "Culture and Religion."

Moneymaking has not been the purpose of this Organization. The dues of the two hundred and fifteen members were sufficient to defray expenses. However, it was voted that the Organization would purchase a Victrola for the school to be used for school calisthenics. This was made possible by holding an Easter Baked Goods sale, which netted $105.42. The proceeds of Father McClorey's lecture were $175.00 which will be used for the purchase of school furniture.

The only event to mar the pleasure of the year's work was the death of Sister Mary Callista who had instructed the little ones in our school so faithfully and so well for five years. Her work as a primary teacher was unexcelled. Resolutions upon her death were adopted by the association, and copies mailed to the Dominican Sisters and her family.

Much credit and many thanks are due to Reverend Father Caldwell, our zealous pastor, and to our energetic Sisters for the help they have extended toward making St. Mary's Parent-Teacher Organization a success.

Mrs. Frank Lappin, Secretary.

High School Athletics.

Athletics at St. Mary's during the year have taken on a certain stability. The Pastor, Sisters and coaches began the academic year with the conviction that athletics are one of the strongest forces for good; one of the finest character builders; an inspiration and a valuable aid to academic work. Membership in the C. I. A. A., a standard for eligibility, and the spirit of the students proved the contention and put St. Mary's on the Athletic Map. Among the faculty there is no difference of opinion as to what constitutes education. Priests, teachers and coaches believe that education means the preparation for life and service in body, mind, and spirit. The faculty are the staunchest helpers in the physical education of the students and it is their testimony that the physical department has the good of the academic department at heart as much as it has the welfare of the physical department.

There is reason for all this: principally, the football and baseball coach, Mr. Arthur Weadock, and the basketball coach, Mr. Rex Emery, supplemented by the spirit of the school.

Our baskeball team was without question the best team ever turned out by St. Mary's. Coach Emery desired five basketball players on the floor who knew team work and who were willing to work with their team mates. Because he is a true sportsman himself, a student of the game and a man who, in his playing days, played just that way, he earned and well deserved, equal credit with the boys in a splendid victory over Redeemer of Detroit, which clinched the C. I. A. A. Championship.

The football team produced its individual stars but every man on the squad even to the second line men, under the leadership of Coach Weadock, will remember the splendid spirit of the team due to the influence of the coach. The characteristic spirit which marked Coach Weadock in his High School and University football was marked in the team he so successfully coached, and that spirit will remain with the members of the team as an asset in future life.

Much credit for the success of the Girls' Basketball Team must be given Miss Lucille Daily for her splendid assistance in coaching the team. The playing of Miss Daily marks for her a bright future as a teacher of Physical Education and St. Mary's girls will always remember that her first experience at coaching was with their basketball team. The enthusiastic following of the Girls' team bespoke their popularity and the interest of parents.

A retrospective view of the Athletic Year at St. Mary's convinces

that our institution has taken its place on the Athletic Map. Representative teams, coupled with membership in the C. I. A. A. have given us a standing. Competition with schools in the Detroit, Lansing, Alpena, and Saginaw Valley districts resulted in enthusiastic followers of the team. The plan of the faculty is to insure the future of athletics in the school. With this objective in mind an Athletic Committee comprising Pastor, coaches, members of the parish, and student body was established. In our new school with its splendid environment for athletics, with the support of the faculty and parish we can justly expect from the students of tomorrow teams of the caliber the athletic year of1922-23 has produced.

FOOTBALL

NOTES

With Captain Schrems in charge of our football squad, and twenty-five willing and able candidates, we started a fairly successful football season. We owe our utmost gratitude to Arthur Weadock who for two years has been coaching our squads. Although we were not Valley Champions, we finished in second place.

CREEN BOTHWELL KEENAN BAUMGARTEN GUENIN
BURTON REMEY SULLIVAN SCHREMS LAUER BANKS SCHLEGEL

ARTHUR WEADOCK
Baseball and Football Coach

SS. Peter & Paul —3 **0—St. Mary's**

We opened our season with a defeat at the hands of SS. Peter and Paul's. Schrems' run of forty five yards, placed the ball on the west siders' thirty yard line. Held for downs, a place kick was yards off and our scoring opportunity gone. Fullback Dezelsky fared better, booting a field goal for the only score of the game.

Baumgarten	End	J. Fosters
Youmans	Tackle	LaFleur
Schlegel	Guard	Jacobi
Lauer	Center	Barden
Sullivan	Guard	Kline
Guenin	Tackle	Adams
Banks	End	Murphy
Keenan	Quarter	Kanary
Schrems	Halfback	Dezelsky
Remey	Halfback	Boyd
Bothwell	Fullback	G. Foster

Field goal—Dezelsky. Substitutions—Kline for LaFleur; Murphy for Boyd. Referee—Scheib, A. H.

St. Mary's (S)—0 **0—St. Mary's (B. C.)**

On Saturday afternoon, at Kolb field, we battled to a score tie with St. Mary's, Bay City. The teams were very evenly matched and though St. Mary's led the way the greater part of the game, neither team had the punch to score. Schrems, Bothwell, and Guenin starred for St. Mary's, while Spenser, Brady and Creen showed their ability for the down river team.

Baumgarten	End	Creen
Youmans	Tackle	O'Shea
Schlegel	Guard	Brennan
Lauer	Center	Shaw
Creen	Guard	Glaza
Guenin	Tackle	Foley
Banks	End	Randall
Keenan	Quarterback	O'Brien
Schrems	Halfback	Spencer
Remey	Halfback	Mack
Bothwell	Fullback	Brady

Substitutions—Pendell for Keenan; Welcome for Glaza; Coonan for Foley; Carrol for Coonan. Referee—Thomas. Umpire—Walsh, M. A. C.

St. Mary's (S)—6 **0—St. Mary's (Lansing)**

The Lansing boys appeared to have a well coached squad, though from the first to the final whistle our boys outplayed them. We lacked the punch, however, to score but one touchdown. We took it easy for the rest of the game since the St. James game was only one week off.

Baumgarten	End	Chies
Youmans	Tackle	Linn
Schlegel	Guard	S. Reck
Lauer	Center	F. Reck
Sullivan	Guard	Ross
Guenin	Tackle	Lesky
Banks	End	Layman
Keenan	Quarter	Gallagher
Schrems	Halfback	Farrel
Remey	Halfback	Bailey
Bothwell	Fullback	Krum

Touchdown—Guenin. Substitutions—Kimball for Baumgarten. Referee—Kidman. Umpire—Cutler, Chicago.

Periods—10: 12: : 10: 12

St. Mary's—19 0—Sacred Heart (Mt. Pleasant)

We could not close our season without another victory and this time our opponents were from Mt. Pleasant. Four minutes after the starting signal Kimball carried the ball over for our first touchdown. After well directed passes, in which Remey and Sullivan participated, Keenan carried the ball from the two yard line over for the second score, and in the final moments Banks added another six points.

Sullivan	End	Garvin
Guenin	Tackle	Dunderro
Creen	Guard	Carroll
Lauer	Center	Barrett
A. Schrems	Guard	Ryan
Youmans	Tackle	Fate
Remey	End	Sweeney
C. Schrems	Quarter	McNamara
Banks	Halfback	Campbell
Keenan	Halfback	Sullivan
Pendell	Fullback	Bary

Referee—Blanke, N. D. Umpire—Emery, Michigan.

St. Mary's—25 0—St. Andrew's

Using only simple plays and playing excellent football we easily beat them. Not caring to run up a high score several subs who have not been regulars were put in during the game.

Coach Weadock's plan was to season these men for next year as we lose heavily by graduation.

Lauer	Center	Nentwig
A. Schrems	Guard	Brieske
Burton	Tackle	Haug
Remey	End	Schultz
Creen	Guard	Emerick
Guenin	Tackle	Neff
Sullivan	End	Witz
Banks	Quarter	Richter
Schrems	Halfback	McMuller
Keenan	Halfback	Mannion
Bothwell	Fullback	Unger

St. James—13 **0—St. Mary's**

Fate failed to smile on us again when the team paid their second visit to Bay City. Banks showed great improvement, kicking forty to fifty yards consecutively, while the work of Bothwell and Guenin was praiseworthy. B. Butler and Waltman, former Bay City Eastern players, starred for St. James. Kimble and Pendell, "Pony Backs," replaced Schrems and Bothwell and carried on the work to the best of their ability.

Sullivan	End	McGrath
Youmans	Tackle	Boussejour
Schlegel	Guard	Dailey
Lauer	Center	Brysselbout
Creen	Guard	Meagher
Guenin	Tackle	Callahan
Banks	End	Conneley
Keenan	Quarter	O'Meara
Remey	Halfback	W. Butler
Schrems	Halfback	Waltman
Bothwell	Fullback	Kinney

Referee—Kerr, M. A. C. Umpire—Miller, M. A. C. Linesman—Romboise.

Periods—15: 12: :12: 5

Substitutions—Pendell for Bothwell; Bothwell for Pendell; Kimble for Schrems; Curtin for Youmans; Lardner for Dailey; and Wyand for Meagher.

Touchdowns—O'Mera 2. Goal from touchdown—Butler 1.

St. Mary's —7 **0—Saginaw High Reserves.**

Playing a brand of football that surprised even the team, we defeated Saginaw High Reserves to the tune of 7-0. The game was a hard fought one, the Reserves advancing as far as our ten yard line. The score was made in the second period after a forward pass from Schrems to Remey, a run by Schrems placing it on the one yard line and from there was carried over by Banks. From the Maroons, C. Schrems, Remey, Bothwell and Guenin starred, while McLeod was the Black and Gold's all round man.

Sullivan	End	Popp
Guenin	Tackle	Phelps
Schlegel	Guard	Stoddard
Lauer	Center	McKenzie
A. Schrems	Guard	Henne
Burton	Tackle	Jerome
Remey	End	Malone
C. Schrems	Quarter	Picard
Kimble	Halfback	O'Donnel
Banks	Halfback	Benjamin
Bothwell	Fullback	Monroe

Touchdown—banks. Goal from touchdown—C. Schrems.

Substitutions—Baumgarten for A. Schrems; Creen for Baumgarten; Baumgarten for Remey; Billington for Popp; McLeod for Benjamin. Referee—Beatty. Umpire—Weadock.

Periods—10: 12: : 10: 12

BASKETBALL

The St. Mary's Basketball team closed a very successful season by defeating the fast Holy Redeemer team at the Knights of Columbus Gymnasium, Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and thus gained an undisputed right to the M. I. A. A. Championship. This success is due to the untiring efforts of Coach Rex Emery. The personnel of the team was the same as in 1922, and it is, therefore, possible to make a fair comparison of the results of coaching. In former years much of the splendid effort made by the boys was lost through insufficient knowledge of the finer points of the game, and although the showing was then very creditable, it was not of championship quality. In 1923, "Rex," himself a player of recognized ability and a zealous student of the game, became coach and was not only able to impart his knowledge to the players but to fully demonstrate its practical application, and thus develop that one thing necessary in basketball,—"Team Play." The result was a series of brilliant games which finally placed St .Mary's at the top and gave new life to athletics in our school.

LAUER
GUENIN
SCHREMS

BOTHWELL

SULLIVAN
BENDER
REMEY

REX EMERY
Basketball Coach

St. Mary's—22. **Merrill—4.**

Our first big game was with Sacred Heart of Merrill. We were astonished at the perfect team work of our boys. The short shots by Bothwell, Schrems, and Remey featured, while Bender and Sullivan were invaluable in passing and breaking up their opponents' plays. Scoring two long baskets, Donovan represented all of his team's points.

St. Mary's—19 **SS. Peter & Paul's—10.**

Excellent teamwork and a perfect defense were the factors which defeated the Wayne Street aggregation at the formal opening of our basketball season. The playing of Schrems and Bothwell kept our team in the lead, while McKinney and Murphy performed well for the Blue and White.

St. Mary's—13 **St. Mary's (Bay City)—6.**

By administering a beating to St. Mary's Bay City we were able to keep our Valley record clean. We outplayed and outclassed the down river lads. The work of Sullivan, Bothwell and Guenin was superb.

St. Mary's—24 **Demolay Fraternity—6.**

With blood in their eyes because of the defeat given them by the Demolay boys earlier in the season our team gave their opponents a 24 to 6 lacing, holding them to one basket and four free throws. The team individually gave a good account of themselves throughout the game.

St. Mary's —13 **Sacred Heart (Mt. Pleasant)—11.**

Forced to play an overtime game with Sacred Heart, Mt. Pleasant, Bender, our speedy forward, earned his niche in the hall of fame, when he shot the basket that broke the tie. It was a game in which the five men of each team played their level best. Bothwell assisted materially in his team's victory getting five out of seven fouls.

St. Mary's—6 **Grand Rapids—12.**

Although playing a wonderful game we were defeated by G. R. C. C. by a score of 12 to 6. It was a real test and we congratulate St. Andrew's.

St. Mary's—7 **St. James (Bay City)—14.**

A canvas covered floor and over confidence were mainly responsible for our defeat at the hands of St. James at Bay City, 14 to 7. Our boys' teamwork was sadly off color, and they seemed unable to hit their stride until the last few minutes of the game. Bothwell seemed to be

in form, shooting a basket and three fouls. W. Butler and L. Butler did all the scoring for the Green and White.

St. Mary's—59 St. Andrew's —3.

St. Andrew's fell easily in a one sided game. The fact that the West Side boys were small and had no coach entitles them to a great deal of credit for a game fight.

St. Mary's —7 North Intermediate —5.

To have an off night and win was the unusual experience of our team when they defeated the North Intermediate on their floor. Inability to find the basket caused a close score although many, easy opportunities were offered them, while on the other hand the N. I. could not penetrate our defense, getting but one basket and three fouls.

Sacred Heart (Mt. Pleasant)—12 St. Mary's —11.

After a long cold ride we finally reached Mt. Pleasant a half hour before the game. The Mt. Pleasant lads eager for revenge played a hard game, and just before the whistle blew a "horseshoe" basket by Kane broke the tie.

St. Mary's—48 Sacred Heart (Merrill)—6.

In the second game with Merrill on their floor we again showed our superiority, this time beating them by a higher score than in the first game. Schrems was the star of the evening, getting eleven baskets.

St. Mary's —16 Sacred Heart (Merrill) —13.

Playing the third game with Merrill we beat them again. During the first half, Coach Emery used the second team who gave a good account of themselves, though the score was eleven to two in favor of Merrill. The regulars made but one basket in the third quarter, and only by a whirlwind finish scoring twelve points, were they able to pull the game out of the fire.

St. Mary's —18 St. James (Bay City) —5

Outclassing St. James in every department throughout the entire game, we eliminated them from the Valley Title Honors. It was a decided surprise to the down river lads who were extremely confident of duplicating their performance at Bay City. Dick Bothwell started the scoring with a long shot in the first minute of play, and we were not in serious danger during the game. Through the rest of the game Schrems, greatly assisted by Guenin and Bothwell with Remey and Sullivan playing their usual game, led a scrappy pace that St. James failed to understand.

St. Mary's—28 **St. Francis (Traverse City) —13.**

Coming here as the Champions of Northwestern Michigan, St. Francis of Traverse City were defeated by our boys to the tune of 28 to 13. The visitors were completely outclassed from the start, our team holding them to four baskets. Schrems and Remey led the scoring for St. Mary's with five baskets apiece.

St. Mary's—26 **St. Mary's (Bay City) —9.**

As a result of winning this game the Valley Title was ours, also the right to play Holy Redeemer for the State Title. It was not until the opening of the second quarter that we forged ahead. This was due to the work of Schrems and Remey. Bothwell also gave a good account of himself, while O'Brien and Martin played the best game for the down river team.

St. Mary's—29 **Saginaw High School Ineligibles—25**

Playing fast, scrappy, basketball from the first whistle to the last, the boys earned a victory over a team composed of ineligibles from Saginaw High School, who were generally conceded to be better individually and as a team than anything the High School was able to get together all year long. The game was a battle from start to finish; the victory was well earned and very much in the air until the last whistle.

Holy Redeemer (Detroit) —21 **St. Mary's —20.**

In the first game of the State Championship Series, we were defeated by Holy Redeemer at Detroit. A linoleum covered floor proved a puzzle to our boys, which combined with the loss of Guenin was sorely felt, and caused a big part of the game to slip by before they were able to find themselves.

St. Mary's—14 **9—Holy Redeemer (Detroit)**

Staging a wonderful come-back in the last two periods, we evened the State Championship series. After going in to the last quarter three points behind Holy Redeemer, a burst of speed brought the large crowd to its feet, and for the rest of the game the boys played in their stride. Schrems led with four field-baskets, while Bender and Su[illegible] held their own. We again missed Louis Guenin's stellar guarding

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St. Mary's—15 **11—Holy Redeemer**

By a great rally our team saved and won the final game of [illegible] State Championship series at Detroit by showing the best passing [illegible] team work of the season. We were strengthened by the aid of Gue[illegible] regular guard, who celebrated his return by tying the score. [illegible] game was very exciting, and more than fifteen hundred specta[illegible] were held in suspense throughout the game.

BASEBALL

We started our baseball season rather late,—May 12, but when Captain Guenin called for candidates a large number reported. Arthur Weadock took up the task of coaching the team.

St. Andrew's—3 **11—St. Mary's**

Our first game of the season was played with St. Andrews. Both teams lacked practice and put up a poor fielding game. Our superior batting, and Remey's pitching, kept the visitors down to only three runs.

Merrill—12 **9—St. Mary's**

We traveled to Merrill only to be defeated by Sacred Heart School. In this game we played a much improved grade of ball, but Sullivan who was on the mound for St. Mary's had two bad innings and ten runs were scored against him, while Pearson who was pitching for Merrill left his hits well scattered, but the fielding of his team was rather ragged.

Arthur Hill—7 **5—St. Mary's**

Our game with Arthur Hill was an exciting and well played contest. Both hurlers were in good form, and only the more experienced fielding of Arthur Hill cost us another defeat. The game was a zig-zag affair until the eighth inning, then Arthur Hill came through with three runs and kept the lead.

St. Andrew's—6 **9—St. Mary's**

We again played St. Andrew's and defeated them for the second time. Sullivan hurled a fine game for us and our fielding was faultless. Perry also pitched a fine game for St. Andrew's, but he received poor support.

Saginaw High Reserves—9 **11—St. Mary's**

Our game with Saginaw High Reserves was a close fought contest. Hard hitting by our team featured, while Remey hurled a splendid ball for us. We clubbed two Reserve pitchers for a total of eighteen hits and eleven runs. Our fielding was not of the best kind and the Reserves scored four runs on this account.

Bliss Alger College—4 **23—St. Mary's**

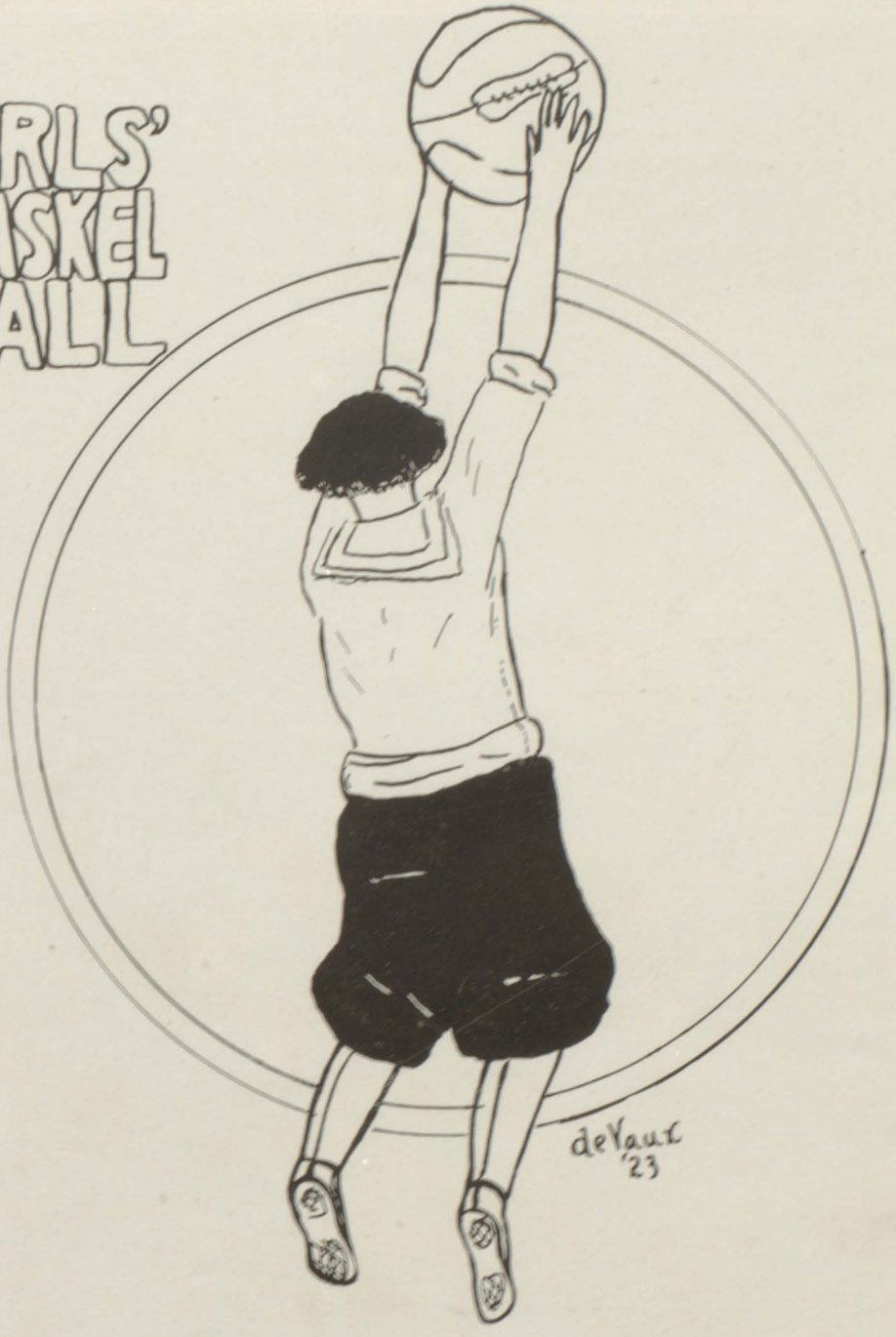
Our last game of the year was played with Bliss Alger, and it resembled more of batting practice than a game for us. Everyone on the team was hitting; we collected three home runs, four triples, seven doubles, and scored twenty-three runs. The infield played airtight ball and both of our hurlers worked well. Our opponents never showed any real baseball throughout the game.

We finished a successful baseball season and with only the loss of two regulars, we should look forward to a better team next year. Edward MacDonald, Edward Simmet and Valentine Dente will leave through graduation.

PERSONNEL

Louis Guenin	Third base (captain)
Edward MacDonald	Second base
Valentine Dente	Left field
Floyd Banks	Catcher
Cornelius Schrems	First base
Harmon Remey	Pitcher and short-stop
William Sullivan	Pitcher and short-stop
Roy McPhilimy	Pitcher and center-field
James Keenan	Right field
Arthur Pendell	Left field
Edward Simmet	Right field
Richard Bothwell	Center field

GIRLS' BASKEL BALL



M. BENDER M. NAEGLEY M. O'BRIEN L. DAILY
G. QUINN M. CRABBE F. NOVAK R. SCHREMS JANE STEWART

Rather late in the season the candidates for girls' basketball were called by Manager Martin. We were very fortunate in securing as coaches, Miss Lucille Daily and Mr. Howard Beatty, of Saginaw High. With Captain Schrems, Marie Naegley and Genevieve Quinn, veterans of 1922; Mabel O'Brien, Madeleine Crabbe, Margaret Bender, of last year's reserves; and Flora Novak, an inexperienced but fast player, we opened the girls' second basketball season, during which we won five games and lost three.

The outlook for next year's team is rather favorable. Only three regulars and a sub, Schrems, Bender, O'Brien, and Novak, will be lost by graduation, and they can be replaced next year by girls of one or two year's experience.

St. Mary's—17 **4—St. Joseph's**

We were never in danger, winning by a one sided score. Point was started early for our team, and good shooting by Jane Stewart was the means of piling up a comfortable score.

Saginaw High Sophomores—12 **5— St. Mary's.**

In our second game we were defeated by a more experienced team, Saginaw High Sophs. The opponents showed some excellent passing, but our team also showed great improvement. Though experience was against them, the Red and White did not take a defeat without a good fight. The excellent work of the guards was largely responsible for holding down the score.

St. Mary's—12 **3—Sacred Heart (Merrill).**

Out-playing Sacred Heart in every way, our girls added another victory to their list when they defeated the Merrill team 12-3. St. Mary's was never the least bit troubled; with each girl playing her best the visitors never had a chance.

North Intermediate—29 **5—St. Mary's**

Fighting hard all through the game, we were defeated by the North Intermediates. Although the score does not show it, we did not let them have as easy a time as they expected. The stars of this game were: for St. Mary's, Genevieve Quinn and Rosalie Schrems; for North, Miss Carmichael and Miss Howard.

St. Mary's—13 **4—Sacred Heart (Merrill)**

We were victorious over Merrill a second time. Everyone

played her usual good game, and although Merrill was confident of defeating us, having changed their lineup, we soon shattered all their hopes.

St. Mary's—22 **1—St. Andrew's**

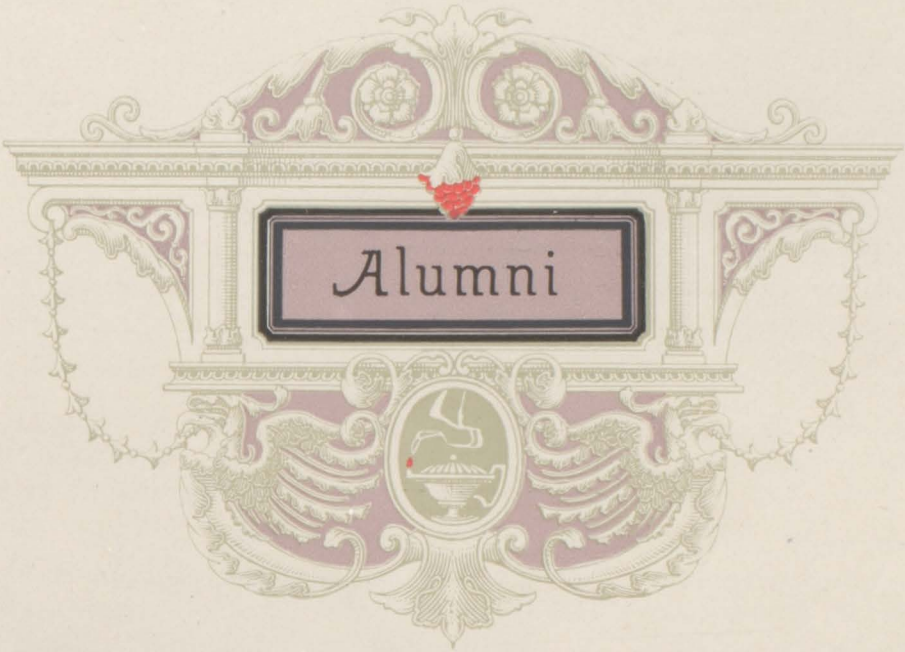
In a runaway game we downed St. Andrew's to the tune of 22 and 1. St. Mary's were going at top speed and seemed unable to stop scoring.

St. Mary's—14 **4—Chesaning Normal**

We had little trouble in trimming the County Normal sextet from Chesaning. Jane Stewart, with seven field baskets, starred on the offensive, while the guarding of Genevieve Quinn was the bright light of the defensive play.

Saginaw High—24 **8—St. Mary's**

The last game of the season was played on our own floor, Saginaw bringing a much faster and more experienced team than we had played. Our players gave them a lot of trouble, holding the score a tie in the first half. Genevieve Quinn starred for St. Mary's and Dorothy Schade for Saginaw High.


Alumni

Roster.

'08. Frances Dwyer Malloy, Detroit; Ruby Kindler, Saginaw.

'09. Esther Coughlin Gavigan, Saginaw; Anne Houlihan, Saginaw; Mary Jerome Guest, Saginaw; Bessie Madden Cooper, Saginaw; Mary McKittrick Keanie, Chicago, Ill.

'10. Loretta Byerlein Quinnan, Saginaw; Vincent Byerlein, Saginaw; Olga Grabmeyer, Detroit; Margaret McCoy French, St. Louis, Mo.; Margaret McKittrick, deceased; Frances Kirschner, Detroit.

'11. Marie Logan, Detroit; Agnes Lynch, (Sister of Mercy); Mary McKenny, Saginaw; Mary Ryan, (Sister of St. Dominic).

'12. Hilda Gase, Saginaw; Ella Hartnett, deceased; William Jones, deceased; Dr. Francis McDonald, Saginaw; Marie Seymour Marlow, Chicago, Ill.; Florence Stegmeyer Orr, Detroit.

'13. Angelo Dente, Detroit; Marie Donohue Fritz, Saginaw; Esther Hendricks Feahr, Saginaw; Margaret Jones Green, Saginaw; Adella Keenan, Saginaw; Anna Laking, Detroit; Hattie Lauer Ahrens, Port Huron; Marie Zimmerman, Saginaw.

'14. Helen Byerlein, Saginaw; Alice Hynan, Saginaw; Louise Klees, (Sister of St. Dominic; James McKittrick, New Mexico; Alfred Slaggert, Yale University.

'15. Margaret Corbett, Ann Arbor; Veta Gase, Saginaw; Nellie Howard, Saginaw; Bessie Logan, Saginaw; Irene McDonald, Saginaw; Helen Pinet Gillenback, Cincinnati; Frank Seymour, Oklahoma.

'16. Marie Costelloe, Saginaw; Leo Howard, Saginaw; Evelyn MacDonald Glueckert, Detroit; Alphonse Neininger, Detroit; Cecelia O'Callahan, Saginaw; Alice Quinnan, Detroit; Linus Schrems, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland; Ruby Sherbert Whitmore, Portland, Oregon.

'17. Ruth Gordon, Saginaw; Clara Grabmeyer, Saginaw; George Gramlich, Europe; Leona Gray, Saginaw; Bessie Grow, Saginaw; Virginia Klees, Kansas City; Mable Mahoney Fountain, California; Margaret O'Reilly, Detroit; Herbert Schnettler, Saginaw; Frances Wolfarth, Saginaw; Marie Wilmot, Saginaw.

'18. Marie Baker, Saginaw; James Dwan, Marquette University, Milwaukee; Clement McKittrick, Saginaw; Catherine Pinet, Saginaw;

Margaret Quinnan Doyle, Saginaw; Ethel Ryan, Saginaw; Agnes Schnettler, Saginaw; Maurice Shaughnessy, Saginaw; Edward Slaggert, Saginaw; Hazel Topham McQuade, Saginaw; Sara Travers, Saginaw; Richard Walsh, Saginaw; Helen Wolohan, Birch Run.

'19. Catherine Connelly, Detroit; Dante Dente, University of Detroit; Walter Gase, Saginaw; Marion Lester, Saginaw; Walter Logan, Saginaw; Francis LaJoie, Detroit; Francis McGovern, Saginaw; Gerald Muir, University of Detroit; Alice O'Reilly, Detroit; Helen Reiman, Saginaw; Gertrude Sager, Saginaw.

'20. John Blanke, Notre Dame University; Frank Burton, Chicago; Francis Dwyer, Saginaw; Maurice Guenin, University of Michigan; Bernard MacDonald, Saginaw; John Nagle, Saginaw; Frances O'Reilly, University of Michigan; George Robel, University of Detroit; Leona Rhode, Saginaw; Margaret Ryan, Saginaw; Arthur Slaggert, University of Detroit; Agnes Streng, Saginaw; Harold Ward, Saginaw; Thomas Wolohan, Birch Run.

'21. Joseph Blanke, Saginaw; Thomas Bray, St. Mary's College, Sandwich, Ontario; Amelia Bohman, Saginaw; Aileen Cotie, Saginaw; Dorothy Costello, Trinity College, Washington D. C.; Marie Feldman, Saginaw; Louis Gase, Saginaw; William Hurley. Notre Dame University; Leta McPhilimy, Saginaw; James Rau, Detroit; Otelia Schrems, Saginaw; Alma Schrems, Saginaw; Vincent Shaltry, Saginaw; Alice Sager, Saginaw; George Slaggert, Saginaw; Stanley Zimmerman, Saginaw.

'22. Elizabeth Bannan, Chesaning Normal; Lawrence Carpenter, University of Detroit; Agatha Cockerill, Saginaw; Valentine Dente, University of Detroit; Mary Gase, Saginaw; Josephine Jacobs Khouri, Flint; Helen Kimble, St. Mary's, Notre Dame; Margaret Kelly, Detroit; Veronica Keenan, Saginaw; Isabel Herzberg, Saginaw; Helen Holihan, Saginaw; Catherine Herzberg, Saginaw; Edward MacDonald, University of Detroit; Mary McIntosh, Detroit; Catherine Shoup, Mt. Pleasant Normal; Frances Ryan, Saginaw; Edward Simmet, Saginaw; Edward Waters, Saginaw.

FELICITATIONS

Heartfelt felicitations are offered to the following from whom wedding notices have been received:

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Whitmore (Ruby Sherbert);
Mr. and Mrs. Blair S. Fountain (Mable Mahoney);
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gillenback (Helen Pinet).

WELCOME

A glad welcome is extended to St. Mary's new children, the little sons of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Byerlein and of Mr. and Mrs. Glueckert (Evelyn MacDonald).

CONDOLENCES

Sincere sympathy is extended to Francis LaJoie on the death of his father; and to Catherine Shoup on the death of her mother.

IN MEMORIAM

The beautiful tributes that have been paid to the memory of our dear Sister Mary Callista prove that her years of service at St. Mary's won earthly appreciation as well as heavenly reward. The numerous messages of condolence and spiritual bouquets that were offered at the time of her death testify to the success with which this devoted teacher traced the divine ideal in the hearts of her young charges. She led them indeed to the knowledge and love of eternal beauty, truth, and goodness. The Alumini of St. Mary's take this means of paying tribute to the dear departed Sister, and of offering sympathy to the Dominican Sisters and the members of her devoted family who mourn her loss.

St. Mary's Alumni Association held its second annual Christmas party on Wednesday evening, December 27th, at the school auditorium.

Officers of the Association were in charge of arrangements assisted by the following committees:

Hall and Music—Herbert Schnettler.
Tickets—Joseph Blanke, Francis Dwyer, Frances Wolfarth.
Decorations—Walter Logan, James Dwan.
Refreshments—Edward Slaggert, Hilda Gage.
Alumni—Marie Costelloe.

The Auditorium attractively decorated with bits of cotton hung from suspended wires and a large snow man looking down on the dancers from a lofty chair at the far end of the hall made a most realistic snow scene, while the many evergreen and holly wreaths aided in supplying the Christmas spirit. Twelve large red electric candles hung on gilded panels at intervals around the hall furnished the only lights. Rushlow's orchestra furnished enjoyable music from nine to twelve o'clock.

This event is much looked for by members of the association and their friends and gives the members who are attending college but home for the holidays an opportunity to greet their classmates. The Association endeavors by this annual party to keep alive the school spirit, a continued love for our Alma Mater, and friendship between schoolmates.

The Good and Evil in the Moving Picture.

That the motion pictures have come to stay is a fact so well established that it would be absurd to discuss their probable tenure of existence or to dispute the exercise of their influence. Yes, the moving pictures are with us permanently and like every other means of amusement known to man, are subject to the same possibilities for good or evil.

In a study of this question some of their advantages claim first attention. Their qualities may be classified as educational, aesthetic, cultural, and disciplinary. In the matter of educational films it is not difficult to mention numerous subjects which have been presented to the public in a fashion so pleasing as to entertain the young and old alike. Take the silk industry as an example; America is the greatest silk buyer in the world, but to observe the various steps in the culture of silk from the busy worm to the finished bolt on the merchant's shelf would necessitate a visit to distant Japan—a pleasure impossible for most. The cotton industry from the seeding to the ginning; the cultiation of wheat in its fascinating progress, from the waving field of green to the bread in the oven; the raising of sheep and the manufacture of the wool; these are a few of the subjects that have enlightened city dwellers upon the intimate mysteries of every day life.

"See America First" is a slogan which like many others, arose with the great war. The high cost of railroad travel makes personal trips to the beautiful and historic sections of our country prohibitive to many, but in a comfortable movie palace one may sit at ease, while on the silver screen ahead there passes in kaleidoscopic review the ruins of Spanish Missions, the wonders of Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the lake districts of Michigan. One may bask in the suns of Florida with its riot of fruit and flowers, marvel at the narrow fiords of Norway, the tangled Jungles of darkest Africa, the glorious palaces and cathedrals of Europe. These and many more the film will bring to us in all their placid or stormy beauty, linking culture and discipline with the beautiful. How pleasantly one recalls "Robin Hood" where the hazy mental pictures studied in High School days were suddenly electrified into being! Our history texts had described Flanders as the scene of Peter the Hermit's fervid zeal, but the scant narrative failed to intensify our dislike for the treacherous King John or render us very enthusiastic about Richard and his comrades.

It is an inescapable law of true dramatic art that the villain receives meet punishment for his crime. The plays offered in many picture houses, as on the legitimate stage, do not fulfill this requirement

of poetic justice but are of a low type with little or no plot, boasting merely a lavish display of fashion, and emotions that race all the way from pre-Adam times to the modern society fraud. Children attending these are nervous bundles from witnessing them and even should the villain get his due, the child's ideas of morality will naturally be warped; he will be led astray when he observes in cases so numerous that "the bad man gets away."

One interesting and perhaps redeeming feature of the moving picture has been exemplified by actual experiments, with the result shown that a child remembers less seen through that medium than by any other picture process. Statistics give this order: first, actual process of acting; secondly, stereoptican view; thirdly, plain photography; and lastly, moving pictures. From this we may draw the conclusion that the screen is not so great an educational factor as has been claimed. Its chief danger lies in the habit which causes a repetition of the same vicious ideas until false principles are established.

In the writer's opinion motion pictures should have a clean-up week and so purified, remain with us. A judicious censorship of the story before acceptance and production at headquarters is suggested; less of "beauty poses" and banditry, and more good acting, would go far to develop a better standard of plays and players. Less theatres licensed, and these licenses revoked in every case where objectionable films are shown, would doubtless do much to reduce the evil. America is sadly lacking in good, clean amusement at low rates. In Europe, Shakespearean drama, the best symphony orchestra, or opera can be heard for as low as sixpence the sitting. With us, unfortunately, only the moving pictures offer entertainment at such cheap rates and when one has fed his senses on the coarse food set before him, his soul is left in the same hungry state as before he spent his dime. Despite his assertions to the contrary, the producer of plays cares but little for the morals of his public. It is the mighty dollar he is after every time, and knowing the natural depravity of many, he caters to this appeal. Not so with the educator, the wise parent, the man and woman of exalted ideals. These realize the questionable quality of the pictures set forth to the public view, but many of these, alas, are too easy going to seriously set about remedying the wrong. The improper picture is often witnessed, unsuspicious of its harm until its scenes have completely unfolded. The patron leaves the place disgusted, but his resentment stops there. The child is permitted to view certain releases alone, no questions being asked as to the nature of the play presented. If Jackie Coogan or Charlie Chaplin delight him this Saturday it is quite as likely he will witness "Turn to the Right" or "The Only Way" on the next—pictures proper enough for grown-ups but certainly no mental pabulum for children. How may this be corrected? A case comes to mind where a young woman representing a humane society, learning that a

play depicting cruel treatment of an animal was about to be released, went to the manager of the houses to protest against its appearance. She was received with courtesy; where the film was already being shown its times of display were greatly reduced and it was not presented at any other house in the city. Thus a little interest on the part of societies, and personal inspection by teachers and parents before children were permitted to view a play, in the writer's opinion would bear fruit an hundred fold and do much to eliminate the evil and emphasize the good appeal in that popular form of entertainment, the moving Picture.

Marie Zimmerman, '23.

* * *

1923 BROADCAST.

STATION D. A. W. Lectures on "Why I Love Chemistry."

STATION R. M. S. Vocal Solo, "Chocolate Cookies May Come and Chocolate Cookies May Go but I talk on forever."

STATION F. J. B. This station will broadcast simultaneously with A. F. D. and L. J. G. a classical rendition of "How I hate to get up in the morning." This will be followed by a selection broadcasted by the same three stations entitled, "Why does the School Bell Ring Before I Get there?"

STATION A. N. H. Will render with the aid of H.D. a five minute talk on the subject, "Why Horse Flies Kicked when Henry Ford was Born?"

STATION H. C. accompanied by A. C. will tell us how to keep the hair curly, which will be followed by a vocal solo by H. entitled, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

STATION H. F. R. This station assisted M. E. G. will tell us "Why Blondes are more in demand than Brunettes."

STATION M. M. B. accompanied by D. G. B. and C. M. S., who are known as the "Star Trio," will render a solo entitled, "Two is Company and Three is a Crowd," after which D. G. B. will render that well known number, " Gee, how I hate to go home alone."

STATION F. M. N. with the aid of R. N. C. will tell us how Walter Camp's records keep us in condition, thus making it possible for us to learn our lessons.

STATION M. O'B. assisted by C. A. M. will talk on the subject, "Why Irish girls stand in a Class by themselves."

STATION G. B. D.

Will render the Bedtime Stories for which it is famous, after which we will step up and get our diplomas. Don't rush, please.

James Keenan.

GRINS

Hazel: Which have the greatest number of admirers, blonds or brunettes?

Catherine: Ask Marion, she's been both.

* * *

Soph: "What will we do?"

Senior: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the movies; if it's tails we go to a dance; and if it stands on edge, we'll study."

* * *

Superintendent: "I am happy to see all these shining faces before me this morning."

Sudden application of thirty-seven powder puffs.

* * *

Sister. "Give what you consider the most memorable date in history."

Alphonsus: "The one Anthony had with Cleopatra."

* * *

SATISFIED

"Any ice today, lady?"

"No, the baker just left a cake."

"Giddap."

* * *

Rosemary: "Mother, I can't go to school today."

Mother: "Why not, dear?"

Rosemary: "When I woke up this morning, I hadn't slept a wink all night."

* * *

Harmon: "Can you tell me, Cornelius, where shingles were first used?"

Cornelius: "Yes, Harmon, but I'd rather not."

* * *

No Doubt About It

One of the attractions at the county fair was a fortune-teller's tent. A woman had taken her son inside, and the seeress bent over the crystal ball. "Madame," she murmured in deep, mysterious tones, "your son will be a noted man if he lives long enough." "How wonderful!" breathed the lady. "What will he be noted for?"

"For his old age."

* * *

Sister: "Why, Harmon, some one just called up and said you wouldn't be at school today."

Harmon: "The joke's on him. I told him to call up tomorrow."

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A pocket veto, Margaret Bender explained in civics, is what the president carries around in his pocket.

* * *

Bobby Sager was almost through with his reading lesson when he came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Bobby, looking up at the teacher, finally cried out, "Bow-wow"'

* * *

George: "My girl is just like Eve."

Virginia: "Say it."

George: "The first thing she says is 'Let's eat.' "

* * *

Mistress: "Nora, I won't have that husky milkman in my kitchen."

Nora: "All right, mum, I know a smaller one."

* * *

Raymond: "Mother, mother, give me five cents for a poor man who is out in front crying."

Mother: "Yes, poor man, what is he crying about?"

Raymond: "He's crying 'Fresh Popcorn, five cents a bag'."

* * *

Arthur: "I was paid $2,000 for my last painting."

Alice: "There must be a frame up somewhere."

* * *

Cannibal A: "Our chief has hayfever."

Cannibal B: "Howzat?"

Cannibal A: "He ate a grass widow."

* * *

Sister was having a first grade class in physiology. She asked if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all the time.

Catherine Baker spoke up and said.

"Yes, Sister, when it's a cold day I can see the smoke."

* * *

India: "You can't say anything to me, your mother and dad were married by the Justice of the Peace."

Byron: "Aw gwan, from what I heard when I was going past your house I think your Mother and Father were married by the Secretary of War."

* * *

Rosalie stood before her mirror,
With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see just how she looked
When fast asleep at night.

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Sister: "Alice, how do you compare sick?"
Alice: "Positive, sick; comparative, hard sick; superlative, dead."

* * *

Mr. Banks on entering the room found Floyd reading a dime novel.

He grabbed the book, threw it away and grasped his son by the collar.

"Unhand me or there will be bloodshed!" cried Floyd.

"No," was the reply, "not bloodshed, woodshed!"

* * *

"Now," said Freddy's mother as she got him ready for a visit to his aunts, "be sure you are not late for breakfast, as you so often are at home. That will not do when you are visiting."

On her son's return his mother inquired if he was ready for the family breakfast in time.

"Yes'm!" responded Freddy. "I was down every morning as soon as any of them."

"I am so glad: hope you'll keep it up."

"YOU won't let me."

"Why not?"

"Well you see, I just put my nighty on and slept in my clothes, so to be nice and ready in the morning."

* * *

CLASS STONES

Freshman	Emerald
Sophomore	Blarneystone
Junior	Grindstone
Senior	Tombstone

* * *

Marie and Genevieve were preparing their Latin. "What's U-b-i?" Marie asked.

Genevieve: "You be I! What a queer sentence. I can't translate that."

* * *

A brawny farmer presented himself at a country school, dragging an overgrown boy reluctantly through the door.

"What's your limit here? This boy's after an education," he remarked.

The timid teacher replied that the curriculum embraced reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Latin, French, algebra, trigonometry.

"That will do," interrupted the farmer. "Load him up heavy with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

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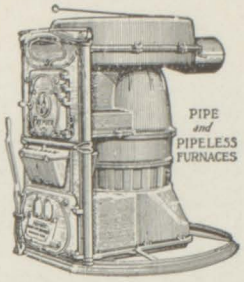

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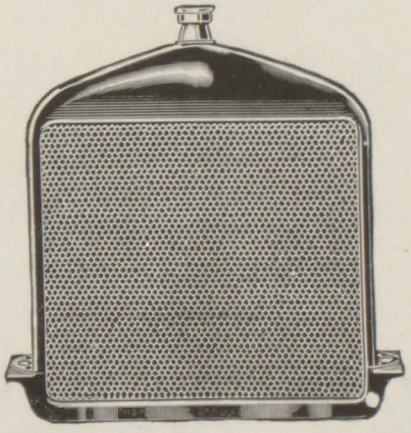

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Heard in History class.

Denis Bray: "Uncle Tom's Cabin was very much read in the North."

Flora: "What color was it in the South?"

* * *

Cornie: "I hope this rain keeps up."

Bud: "Why?"

Cornie: "Well, it won't come down if it does, will it?"

* * *

I'm a mill worker and find it very hard to keep my hands clean. What would you suggest putting in the water besides soap?

You might try putting your hands in.

* * *

Suds: "Have you heard the latest joke about the electric arc?"

Foam: "You've got it all wrong old scout, electricity wasn't invented in those days.

* * *

Teacher: "What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Senior: "Why, er-r-"

Teacher: "Correct. Tell me what is the unit of electric power?"

Senior: "The what, Teacher?"

Teacher: "That will do. Very good."

* * *

Servant: "The Lyons are calling, sir."

Master: "Very good. Show them into the den."

* * *

Dick: "What do you call a man who runs an auto, father?"

Father: "Depends on how close he comes to me."

* * *

Sister: "Do you know anything about Shakespeare's works?"

Mabel: "No, what kind of a factory is it?"

* * *

"It's gotta dew," murmured the farmer as he gazed on his withering crops."

* * *

Little Floyd Banks, come blow your sax
The neighbors are sleeping, you must not relax.

* * *

Sister: "Now, are there any questions?"

Hugh: "Yes, Sister, what time is it?"

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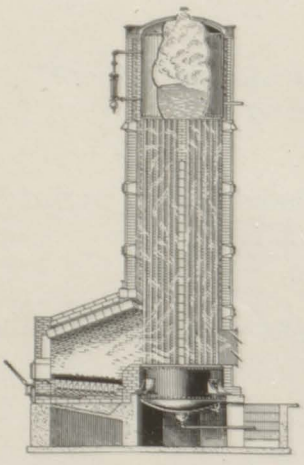

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Fond Parent: "Vincent, what in the world did you fall against to get such a bruise as that?"

Vincent: "Against my will, Mother, dear."

* * *

Hugh: "I flunked that exam cold."

Grace: "I thought that was easy."

Hugh: "It was but I had vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped."

* * *

In Harness

"Wuz de weddin' musik 'propriate?"

"Yeh, dey played de Bridle March."

* * *

Art: "Call me a taxi."

Vincent: "All right, you're a taxi."

* * *

George: "Let's go swimming."

Robert: "The tide isn't in yet."

George: "Well, then let's swim out to meet it."

* * *

A man died and left his son two square feet of land, a mule and a bag of pop-corn. The property was situated near the railroad track. The son planted the pop-corn, the train passed by throwing sparks which caused the corn to pop. The mule thinking it was snow laid down and froze to death.

* * *

Mr. Wood to Mr. Stone, "Good morning, Mr. Stone. How is Mrs. Stone and all the pebbles?"

Mr. Stone to Mr. Wood, "Fine, and how's Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

* * *

Sad To Some People

A school teacher was having a heart to heart talk with her pupils. At the conclusion she dwelt on the sorrowful significance of the words, "It might have been." She asked the boys and girls if they could think of any sadder words. One alert youngster, twelve years old, held up his hand and said: "I know two sadder words."

"What are they," asked the teacher.

"Please remit."

* * *

Professor: "Wake that fellow next to you, will you?"

Soph: "Aw—do it yourself—you put him to sleep."

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"A dog sat on a railroad track,
A grin was on his visage,
The 6:30 came behind his back,
Toot! Toot! Bologna Sissage!"

* * *

Tommie was playing in the front yard when a coal truck drove in; after his first look at the driver, he took to his heels, and when he reached the back door called breathlessly to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, come here and look quick! Here's a man that puts black dirt on his face instead of the white kind that you put on yours."

* * *

Poor Pat was tired of life and he had gone down to the pond along the road to end the agony. A gentleman passing along the road shortly after was surprised to see a man's head bob up out of the water.

"My good man," he gasped in surprise, "what are you doing in there?"

"Don't you see, I'm trying to drown myself?" smiled back the downhearted Pat.

"And why don't you stay under the water if you want to do such a thing?" asked the man.

"Sure, now, ye smart one," came back Pat's reply, "don't I have to be coming up to get my breath!"

* * *

"Jack," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

"Yes," replied Jack, and in a few minutes he returned and reported, "Mrs. Brown says, it's none of your business how old she is."

* * *

Teacher: "What happened to Babylon?"
Student: "It fell."
Teacher: "And what happened to Niniveh?"
Students: "Destroyed."
Teacher: "And Tyre?"
Clever Student: "Punctured."

* * *

Loving father (to football tryout): "In what position do you play?"

Son (dryly): "Bent over."

* * *

Gentleman Crook: "Pardon me, sir, but haven't I held you up before."

Weary Victim: "Well, the gun looks familiar, but I have forgotten the face.

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Observant Freshie: "Oh look at that funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talkin' to a banana-peel."

* * *

Floyd: "You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you?"

Louis: "No, but my brother does and this is his hat."

* * *

Harmon: "Who was that beautiful girl I saw you with this afternoon?"

James: "That was my sister."

Harmon: "Really, I hadn't noticed any resemblance!"

* * *

Freshman, dining at the local Ritz for the first time, pointing to French word: "I'll have some of that, please."

Waiter: "Sorry sir, but the orchestra is playing that now."

* * *

Circumstantial Evidence

The Klauss family possessed a whole sheaf of umbrellas, but they were all in need of repairs. One morning on his way to the office, George, the daddy of the family, took them all to be mended. At lunch time he went into a restaurant and on leaving, absent-mindedly walked off with a lady's umbrella. She overtook him; he apologized profusely, and returned it. In the evening he called for the umbrellas again. He boarded a car where he found himself sitting opposite the lady of the lunch-time episode.

She leaned over and whispered dramatically: "I say, you've had a good day, haven't you?"

* * *

High: "Don't you ever help your wife drive her new car?"

Low: "No, I let her shift for herself."

* * *

M. Pearson: "We had a wooden wedding at our house."

B. Mason: "How was that?"

M. Pearson: "My sister married a blockhead."

* * *

A near-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase but every time he thought he was catching up with it, it was whisked away from under his hand. A woman screamed from a near-by farmhouse: "What are you doing there?"

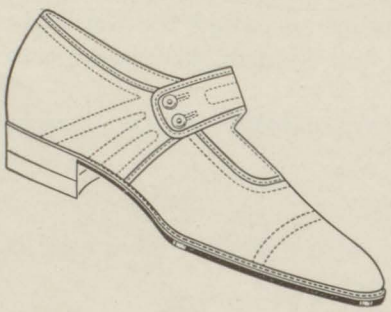
He mildly replied that he was trying to retrieve his hat.

"Your hat" exclaimed the woman. "There it is over there under that stone wall; that's our little black hen you've been chasing."

THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS BOOK WERE TAKEN BY

CHAS. E. WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHER



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Mrs. Crawford: "We're getting up a club to study auto-suggestion. You must join."

Mrs. Crabshaw: "Auto-suggestion? If it's a new scheme to get your husband to buy a car you can count me in."

* * *

Peggy was examining her engagement ring minutely. "What is the translation of this motto on the inside of this ring, Harry?" she asked her fiance.

"Faithful to the last," he murmured trying to express the same sentiment with his eyes.

"How horrid," she said. "And you've always told me before that I was the very first."

* * *

Black: "He suffers from head noises."

Jack: "Probably caused by the band in his hat."

* * *

A well-to-do housekeeper in need of the services of a plumber, telephoned to a nearby establishment for a competent man. Answering the doorbell she found a typical Irishman.

"Good morning, ma'am," said he.

"Good morning, are you the plumber?"

"Oi am."

"Now," she said "I want you to be careful in your work as the floors are highly polished."

"Sure now," he answered with a deprecatory smile, "don't worry about me, ma'am, I won't slip, I've got nails in my shoes."

* * *

Ann: "I hate to think of my twentieth birthday."

Dan: "Well, let's not bring up the past."

* * *

Sez He: "Where ya goin'?"

Sez I: "No place."

Sez he: "Well don't get lost on the way."

Sez I: "How could I with your plain map in the front of me?"

* * *

"Do you use William's shaving cream?"

"Not at all, I'm not rooming with him any more."

* * *

There is more truth than fallacy in the sign: ROOM AND BORED.

* * *

"The world's beneath me," shouted the aviator as his propeller broke.

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"When David met his father he fell on his neck and wept."
"What did he weep for?"
"Well, if you fell on your neck you'd weep too."

* * *

Half asleep student in church as he drops a coin in the collection box, "North Side transfer, please."

* * *

Cultured gentleman proudly: "This chair goes back to Louis XVI."

Young Student friend: "What's the matter with it?"

* * *

"Toynton only eighteen? But he looks twice as old."
"He comes from an old family."

* * *

Student to Sister in Chemistry class: "Please, Sister, would you punish a fellow for something he hadn't done?"

Sister: "No, it would be most unjust."

Student: "Well, I haven't done my duty."

* * *

Charity: "Will you help the Old Ladies' Home?"

Generosity: "Sure, where are they?"

* * *

MY EXPERIENCES AT A CIRCUS

As Chronicled By A Straw Hat

I am a straw hat and I have been in repose for the past winter. The other day my owner lifted the cover of my domicile and rudely ejected me therefrom. He looked very uncomfortable as he always does when I am intended to complete his costume. He has straw in his hair as though he were in a boiler factory, as my friend, the shoehorn, once remarked.

He placed me on his head and getting into a very noisy piece of machinery he started off, breaking the stillness of the country air by an occasional Honk! Honk! like an hysterical goose. We arrived at a place where a great number of people were congregated. A man was standing on a platform in front of a tent decorated with pictures of very strange human beings.

I cannot read, but I heard my owner reading from a many colored signboard,

"Greatest Side Show on Earth
Only Curiosities of Their Kind."

My attention was now taken up by the pictures on the billboard. Next to a stout lady in a red and white striped gown was a man with a long neck, swallowing fire. In another section was a sword swallower and

a dozen midgets, while a lady, apparently reposing on air, and a giant were neighbors.

A florid gentleman on the platform brought out a hideous looking person, known as "Iko" the only white Cannibal in captivity. Instead of hair he had sheep's wool, and he was an inhabitant of Equador. My owner upon hearing these astounding facts scratched his ear.

There were a great many small boys standing open-mouthed listening to the tales of an "Orator" who quoted the entrance fee as, "Twenty fahve cahnts! Two-bits or one quotah of a dollah!"

Suddenly he looked directly at me and grinned a mighty grin causing me to blush red with embarrassment. I had been so interested in the people that I had given myself no thought whatsoever and upon looking about I was brought to the horrid realization that I was the only one present to represent the race of straw hats, for the season was not yet open. I felt most out of place especially as I had begun to show my age, having been purchased some years ago. I decided, however, to forget my confusing situation and enjoy myself as much as I could.

A gentleman with a very sallow complexion who was trying to sell Chameleons put one on me, which act called forth a general laugh from the onlookers, and caused my owner to look very foolish. When we entered the Arena, a popcorn and ice cream cone vender who kept up a steady trade during the performance, stumbled on one of the seats above me, spilling the contents of a cone directly on top of me. I was very indignant. Insult was added to injury! Then we passed into the main show and while inspecting the giraffe, an elephant tried to consume me. I was rescued just in time causing another ripple of laughter, while I turned a deep yellow.

However, "a good time was had by all," as my friend "Glasses," reads occasionally in the papers. We returned home without further catastrophe, in the same noisy machine which had conveyed us there and which again broke the stillness of the country air by its Honk! Honk! when some foolhardy old hen attempted to cross in front of us. I discovered later that this conveyance is called a Ford—it ought to be called a Gander.

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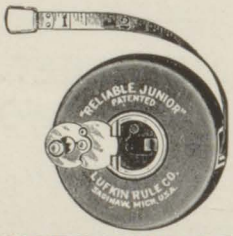

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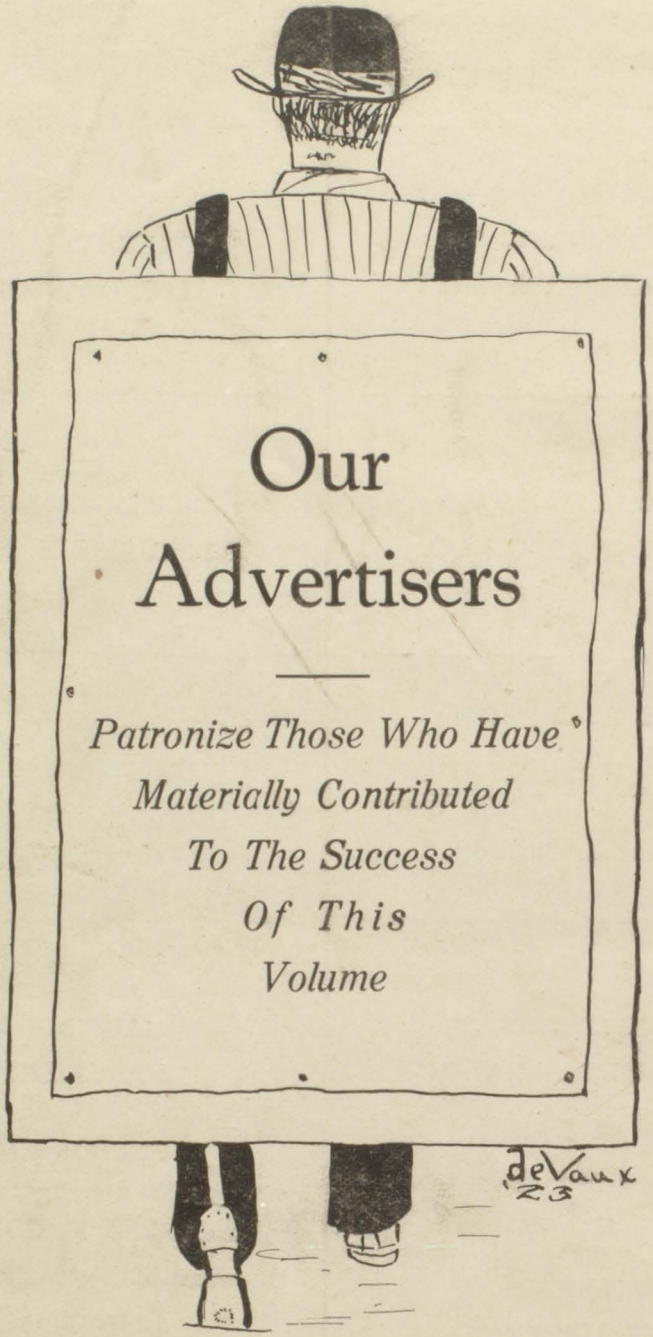

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